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James Hogg

HOURS OF SUN AND SHADE.

Reveries in Prose and Verse,

WITH

TRANSLATIONS FROM VARIOUS
EUROPEAN LANGUAGES.

BY

PERCY VERNON GORDON DE MONTGOMERY.

AUTHOR OF "THE IMMORTAL," A POEM,
"THE OLD HALL," &c.

"From my heart the unbidden rhyme
Gush'd forth."—GOETHE.

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1856.

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TO THOSE
WHO ARE ENGAGED,
PUBLICLY OR PRIVATELY,
IN PROMOTING THE PRESENT
AND ETERNAL WELFARE
OF THEIR FELLOW-CREATURES;
WHOSE TIME AND TALENTS ARE DEVOTED
TO THE ADVANCEMENT AND HAPPINESS OF MANKIND;
TO THOSE WHOSE LIVES EXEMPLIFY
THE DIVINE PRECEPT,
“LOVE ONE ANOTHER;”
THIS VOLUME IS
AFFECTIONATELY
INSCRIBED BY
THE AUTHOR.

Notes.

Page 1, line 19. *Give me the power thou gav'st to him of old.* MILTON is here referred to.

Page 4, line 3. *The holy ground.*

And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden.
—*Gen. 3c.8v.*

Page 21, line 34. *She strews infinity with grandeur.*

“God is a worker, He has thickly strown
Infinity with grandeur.”—ALEXANDER SMITH.

Page 28, line 37. *And though proud manhood's dawn has come.*

The Old Hall to which I allude was falling to decay in my childhood,
which will account for its becoming a mass of ruins in so short a time.

Page 35, lines 5 and 6. *I hear Life's measured footsteps*

Resound through the halls of Time.

“Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.”—LONGFELLOW.

Page 52, lines 25 and 26. *O'er the wakeless Past lament not,
Seize the Present, it is thine.*

“Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely
improve the Present. It is thine.”—*Ibid.*

Page 83. THE GRANDMOTHER.

See the beautiful prose-poem bearing the same title, by Hans Christian Andersen, the poet of Denmark. It is admirably translated into English by Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie.

Page 105. AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

The original of this piece, and the following Epigram I found, without any author's name attached, in a school collection of epigrams. Though doubtless familiar to scholars, they may prove new to the general reader especially in the present version, which I have endeavoured to render as literal as the difference in the idioms of the languages would permit.

Page 107. FANCY.

I regret my inability to give the author of this beautiful poem, which I found in a book entitled “Deutsches Lesebuch,” edited by Dr. G. L. Kriegk, and published at Frankfort-on-Maine, 1834.

Page 108. THE FLOWERET.

This piece is now transcribed from memory, as well as “The Wave,” both having been translated some years since, from Dr. Arnold's German Reading-Book, at the commencement of my German studies. The author of “The Floweret” I cannot now remember, though I have an impression it must be Goethe.

Page 110, line 27. *And we others.*

This is the literal rendering of the German, “Und wir Andern alle
bitten,” the connection of which with the preceding, certainly seems
rather obscure.

Page 111. THE SOUL OF LOVE.

I have omitted a stanza of this poem, which I could not have rendered into English, as I conceive, without detracting from the beauty of the piece.

PREFACE.

DEAR READER,

I FEEL great diffidence and many fears in placing this Volume in thy hands ; for no one can be more aware of its many imperfections than myself : but I trust that, whatever its faults may be, thou mayest still find something worthy of thy perusal—something that will find its way to thy heart, and strike a responsive chord.

If, when thy spirit is bowed with grief, and thy countenance shaded with sorrow—if, at those sacred moments, anything that I have written will shed but one ray of sunshine within thy clouded heart, then will I hope to be forgiven for aught that needs forgiveness.

My earnest desire is to consecrate whatever talents my Creator has endowed me with, to the advancement of His glory, and the welfare of mankind. Although the accomplishment may be feeble, the purpose is strong. What I have written has been written sincerely ; the thoughts to which my pen has given expression have sprung spontaneously from the depths of my soul.

Although young in years, I am old in the school of suffering : many of the following pages were written when mind and body seemed as if they were about to be parted for ever : deal leniently with them—nip not these fragile buds ; smile upon them, so that the tree from whence they sprung may be laden with blossom, and produce fruit worthy of thy acceptance.

Some of the pieces contained in this Volume were composed at the age of sixteen. “THE ETERNAL” was written six years ago, in my eighteenth year, and originally published under the title of “THE IMMORTAL.”

Fain would I have retained this book, and assiduously applied myself to its improvement ; but as I had trespassed so long upon the patience of the Subscribers, I was compelled to publish it with all its erudities. My next Volume, will, I trust, prove worthier of perusal.

This Volume was advertised, and several of its pieces were published, under a *nom de plume*. It was also to have borne the title of "Musie, Poetry, Paintings, and Flowers ;" a title I have since considered less appropriate than the one given.

The Translations would have been better selected, and more diffuse, had I a larger library at my command.

I am as yet but tuning my harp : the quivering chords are but vibrating with a feeble prelude ; yet I hope hereafter to boldly sweep my lyre, till its tones swell into noble, lofty strains.

Farewell for awhile, dear Reader, and that the Almighty may bless thee and thine, is the heartfelt wish of

THE AUTHOR.

4, *Chapel Terrace, Notting Hill, Kensington,*
September, 1856.

To my Subscribers I offer my best thanks for the kind interest they have manifested on my behalf ; and deeply regret that indisposition and other causes, have so long deferred the publication of this Volume.

ERRATA.

Page 2 line 24, for *th'*, read *the*.

Page 4 line 11, for *God ! the*, read *Great God !*

Page 4 line 20, for *a chaos mass through space*, read *chaotic through dark space*.

Page 4 line 21, for *ascending through the air*, read *I part the silent air*.

Page 5 line 34, for *thrills*, read *fills*.

Page 8 line 7, for *its*, read *a*.

Page 8 line 16, for *The rill, the stream*, read *The stream to flow*.

Page 16 line 38, for *out of*, read *from*.

Page 18 line 49, for *angush*, read *anguish*.

Page 19 line 15, for *old Winter*, read *Winter*.

Page 20 line 44, for *pendants*, read *pendants*.

Page 48 line 23, for *has*, read *hath*.

Page 79 line 33, for *my*, read *thou*.

Page 79 line 34, for *e'er*, read *that*.

Page 100 line 31, for *its Maker*, read *the Saviour*.

Page 103 line 16, for *narrow*, read *short, sweet*.

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THE ETERNAL.

"From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God."—Psalm xc. 2.

Oh Thou, th' Eternal, the Omnipotent,
The Omnipresent, God, Jehovah, Lord,
In Whom all glorious attributes are blent,
The "King of kings," the Holy, the Adored!
Oh Thou, the Great "I Am," the Infinite,
Creator of air, ocean, sky, and earth,
Of worlds invisible to mortal sight,
But seen by Thee, who call'd them into birth!
Of Thee I sing, to Thee I raise my song;
Let my adoring strains flow rev'rently along.

Oh Thou, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The Three divided, yet the Three in One,
Whose viewless throne glows 'mid th' angelic host,
Who wert ere time its mystic reign begun,
Who art whilst time endures, and still wilt be
When time shall be no more, ever the same;
Author of time and of eternity,
Oh let me humbly breathe Thy saered Name!
Give me the power Thou gav'st to him of old,
Who in undying verse Thy glories did unfold.

Speak to my shadow'd heart, illume mine eyes,
Fill me with holy thoughts, my lips inspire;
Oh thrill my ears with heavenly melodies,
With quenchless glory set my soul on fire.
I deeply feel my utter helplessness:
Oh I am weak, but Thou can'st make me strong:
Grant Thou my prayer, my feeble efforts bless,
And as I trembling tune my solemn song;
Let me not seek my own but Thy blest praise,
For I am Thine, and Thine these tributary lays.

Oh for a mind imbued with heavenly light,
 To sound Thy glories in immortal strain !
 Oh for a glimpse of that ecstatic sight,
 My yearning soul is longing to attain !
 Oh for one ray of splendour from above,
 To chase the clouds away that shade my thought ;
 To tell of Thy unfathomable love
 In seraph-tones with mighty meaning fraught ;
 Of the o'erpowering, never-waning rays
 Which stream from Thee, and dazzle e'en th' arch-
 angel's gaze !

Oh for celestial wings to soar away,
 Up through the voiceless void of starry space,
 On spirit-pinions rise to endless day,
 Higher and higher mount, until my faee
 Reflected lustre flowing from the throne,
 And my rapt soul drank in the melody,
 Pour'd forth by seraphs' lips, whose every tone
 Is born of purest love eternally !
 Oh could I gaze on those unnumber'd throngs,
 And bear my lowly part in their adoring songs !

Myriads of angels chant incessant praise,
 With Thy irradiating glory crown'd,
 And myriads more will swell their joyous lays
 When th' archangel's wak'ning trump shall sound ;
 When time shall cease, and bursting from their tombs,
 The blest shall soar on glitt'ring wings above,
 Ascend from silent and cimmerian glooms
 To a resplendent home of perfect love,—
 A home too pure for souls unpurified,
 A home for God-like minds, by God's light glorified.

Angelic beauty, spirit loveliness,
 Outlustrcs all that we can ever tell,
 Whose best conceptions sink to nothingness
 Contrasted with the inconceivable.
 The painter's pencil, and the poet's pen,
 The tongue with language eloquently fraught,
 The sculptor's life-like art, oh where, oh when
 Have these e'er drawn, e'er written, spoke, or wrought
 A painting, poem, thought, or form so bright
 As e'en the least of the seraphic sons of light.

Oh for the power to paint the heav'ly view
 Glowing beyond the star-besprinkled sea,
 So deeply, calmly, beautifully blue,
 Where Cynthia sails in queenly majesty !
 Its scenes are sweeter than the smiles of May,
 Surpassing high ambition's loftiest dreams,
 More dazzling than the fire-illumined way
 Where vivid lightnings flash in flaming streams ;
 Sublimer than the night with beauty crown'd,
 Brighter than brightest morn dispersing glooms profound.

Eye never hath beheld so fair a land,
 Either in real or ideal sight,
 As that vast realm where white-robed seraphs stand
 Wing-veil'd before the throne so purely white ;
 Whence God-blest beams magnificently sail,
 In floods of lustre infinitely bright,
 Whose splendors pierce the cloud-unsullied veil,
 And gem the vault with orbs of radiant light ;
 And there they shine in beautiful array,
 Like hopes within the heart so soon to fade away.

Ear hath not heard of half its happiness ;
 The fire-speech'd tongue would be quite impotent
 To give a faint description of the bliss
 The immortal spirit feels, whilst lowly bent
 Before th' almighty, everlasting King,
 Bathed in translucent light, and pouring praise ;
 While the eternal arch is echoing
 With hallelujahs, with the lofty lays
 Of blessed and innumerable throngs,
 That strike their golden harps, and sing their glorious
 songs.

Faney hath never unto Thought reveal'd,
 In noblest flights, a region so sublime
 As that by the dark vale of Death conceal'd,
 The loveliest, happiest, and holiest clime,
 Where God, the Highest, dwells for evermore,
 The Sovereign, Friend, and Life of that bright host,
 A King whose boundless reign shall ne'er be o'er,
 The Mighty Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The Three in One, and yet the One in Three,
 The Mystery of God, Divine Triunity.

Eden, that heav'n on earth, where fadeless flowers,
 Of sweetest fragrance and of varied hue,
 Spangled the holy ground and vernal bowers,
 Where Peace and Happiness together grew,
 Where glorious Beauty reign'd,—that cloudless scene
 Was fairer far than fancy can devise,
 Brighter than poet's pen can paint ; but e'en
 Its amaranthine groves, its azure skies,
 Bore no comparison to heaven above,
 That home of ceaseless bliss and everlasting love.

God ! the unclouded Sun of that pure land,
 Illuminating with Thy presence there
 The beautiful, the bright, the blissful band,
 For ever youthful and for ever fair,
 Whose love-tuned voices blend in one sweet song
 Of "glory to the Lamb,"—to Thee, to Thee
 Flow those resounding strains of praise along,
 Have flow'd since Thy creative energy
 Call'd into being the first grateful world,
 Flow'd when this earth a chaos mass through space
 was hurl'd.

On Fancy's wings ascending through the air,
 I heav'n-ward take my far ideal flight,
 Soaring in rapture from a world of care
 To a fair home with love and glory bright :
 I gaze upon the fading earth below—
 How beautiful each less'ning part appears :
 Its mountains crown'd with everlasting snow,
 Majestic trees strong with their many years ;
 Its trackless wilds, dark woods, and rivers deep ;
 Its homes, whose habitants are wrapt in midnight sleep ;—

The boundless sea, whose ever-restless breast
 Heaves with earth's varied wealth, and bears it o'er
 Its moon-illumined waves, with beauty blest,
 That gently flow to kiss the sleeping shore.
 Amazed, enraptured at the thrilling sight,
 I soar away from still decreasing earth,
 With swifter speed to the grand starry height,
 Thinking of Him who call'd these scenes to birth,
 Stupendous Mind, whose power can ne'er be told,
 That could create all this I tremblingly behold !

All this, and more : for as I higher rise,
 I pass new worlds of mightier magnitude ;
 And as I strain my wonder-stricken eyes
 To where, a few short moments since, I view'd
 The earth a globe, lo ! now a twinkling star
 It hangs suspended in the realms of space ;
 And all around, above, beneath, afar,
 With dazzled sight imperfectly I trace
 Worlds rolling restless round and rushing past,
 Than sunlit pearls more bright, than space-drown'd
 earth more vast.

Still, still I rise, with countless worlds around,
 Productions of the Great Eternal Mind ;
 And as I higher mount, more globes abound,
 While those vast orbs now gleaming far behind,
 Are dwindling into starry gems of light :
 Now they are gone, quite imperceptible.
 But what is yonder scene, supremely bright ?
 Oh 'tis the home of the Adorable !
 It widens, brightens, as I higher rise ;
 Faintly I hear the murmur of its melodies.

Soar, wings of fancy, faster soar away ;
 Oh bear me up to yonder land sublime !
 Mount with still swifter speed, nor tire, nor stay,
 Till ye have pass'd through all the realms of time
 To the light-mantled mansions far above,
 Where God the Father, Son, and Spirit lives,
 Breathing o'er all His creatures peace and love,
 And with His glorious presence ever gives
 Such blessedness to those that round Him dwell,
 Too deep for thought to grasp, too pure for tongue to
 tell.

I see a light, like to a star, descending ;
 A ray it parted from the lustrous blaze :
 Swiftly to me its brilliant course 'tis wending ;
 Oh how it dazzles, while it thrills my gaze !
 Mine eyes are overpower'd with blinding light ;
 The floods of splendour streaming all around,
 Nearer, still nearer to my fading sight,
 An angel cometh.—Hark ! oh, sweetest sound !
 It is the waving of those holy wings
 That greet my list'ning ears with heav'nly whisperings.

Unwonted bliss ! I feel his piercing glance :
 Revivifying light illumines my soul ;
 I am enveloped in a heav'nly tranee ;
 The clouds of darkness from my vision roll,
 And I can look undazzled on the face—
 The angel-face, suffused with lucent light,
 Beamingly bright with every glorious grace,
 Filling my heaving heart with rich delight,—
 A foretaste of those endless joys above,—
 A drop of purest bliss from the clear Fount of love.

“ Spirit of light, list to a mortal’s cries !
 Upbear me to the world of deathless day ;
 Unveil to me the splendours of the skies ;
 Let me drink in the heav’n-resounding lay
 That to th’ Eternal floats from hosts like thee :
 For one short hour, oh waft me to thy home !
 That land above this vast immensity :
 Guide thou the way ; my vision longs to roam
 O’er that grand scene—to gaze on shining throngs
 That fill the golden street with everlasting songs.”

In soft melodious tones, with beaming look,
 The angel answers : “ By the Lord’s command,
 Erewhile His glorious Presence I forsook,
 To bear thee through this God-lit pathless land.”
 He grasps my trembling form, and swiftly flies,
 Like rapid lightning-flash athwart the sky.
 The starry orbs dart by my dazzled eyes,
 In endless numbers, keenest brilliancy !
 Beneath is space, studded with gems of light ;
 Above a peerless realm, with heav’nly glories bright.

I see the throne where the Eternal reigns,
 The city where the great Redeemer lives ;
 I hear the murmur of the blissful strains
 That burst from those to whom all joy He gives :
 Th’ illuminating splendour is descending,
 And steeps us in transcendant streams of light,
 As with undrooping wings my guide is wending
 Fast to the pearly gates his homeward flight.
 The portal’s past—oh, glorious, glorious day !
 Here thought itself seems lost, and dazzled dies away.

Far as my sight can range angelic throns,
 With crowns of glory on each radiant brow,
 Strike golden harps, and pour melodious songs,
 Tuned ever in Jehovah's praise as now.
 "Glory and honour to the Lamb," they sing,
 "And praise and power to Him upon the throne :"
 While myriads more the words are echoing ;
 And as they pass the King that reigns alone,
 In adoration bends each spirit low,
 While incid floods of living lustre o'er them flow.

Around, above, beneath, upon the King
 All glories are sublimely merged in One,—
 The Fount whence suns innumerable spring,
 The brightest, purest, never-setting Sun.
 Oh, what vast multitudes bend lowly there,
 Veiling their stricken eyes with meeting wings ;
 Their hymns of glory fill the holy air,
 That wanders on in joyous journeyings,
 Bearing the angels' melodies along,
 To distant white-robed groups, who sing the same
 sweet song.

Vainly I strive to pierce the sacred veil
 Enveloping th' Eternal Source of Light ;
 Dazzling fulgencies before me sail,
 Withholding God from my sin-clouded sight.
 Borne down by streams of sparkling brilliancy,
 Heav'n fades away from my entrancèd view,
 I sink in the illimitable sea
 Of star-gem'd space, and far amid the blue
 I trace once more the glimm'ring form of earth,—
 Ah now how insignificant, how small its worth !

Oh, how can human mind its language raise
 To tell the glory of the Deity ?
 Sublimest eloquence, in loftiest lays,
 Hymn'd by the universe, my God, to Thee,
 Fails to describe how vastly Thou art wise !
 Oh, insufficient is their ceaseless praise,
 Inadequate the blending themes that rise
 From heav'n and earth, the multifarious lays
 From mortal and immortal ranks, to tell
 The boundless goodness of the Grand Invisible !

Oh ! beautiful is all that Thou hast made,
 Angels and men, heav'n, ocean, earth, and sky,
 Morning and night, the sunshine and the shade,
 Whose varied beauties with each other vie ;
 The flower-wreath'd Spring, with her bright beauties
 blushing ;
 The golden Summer with its sky of blue,
 Refresh'd with zephyrs, and cool fountains gushing ;
 The sombre Autumn weeping an adieu ;
 The snowy Winter, with his icy chains,
 Robing in spotless garments, valleys, hills, and plains.

Wave, wave, ye trees, in whisp'ring melody,
 To Him who made ye in such beauty rise ;
 Sound, sound your praises over wood and lea,
 To the All-seeing God, the Great All-Wise,
 Who caused the flowers to gem the teeming earth,
 The rill, the stream, the mighty deep to roll ;
 Who call'd all beings, great and small, to birth ;
 From burning Indus to the frozen pole,
 Teach evry heart to recognize the Lord,
 That in all lands His Name may ever be adored.

Flow, flow, ye streams, and as ye glide along,
 Murmur your softest sweetest lays to Him,
 Utter your melodies in rapt'rous song,—
 Pour a sublime, an everlasting hymn,
 Unto the Great Benifcent, the King
 Of time, of death, and of eternity ;
 And thou, resounding ocean, graudly sing
 To Him who was, who is, and is to be :
 Voices of many waters, be ye blent
 In praises to the Lord our God Omnipotent.

Awake, ye warblers, in your moon-lit bowers,
 Unite in one rich grateful concert now ;
 From your sweet homes among the fragrant flowers
 Let those thanksgiving carols ever flow
 To Him who form'd ye with harmonious strains,
 That fill the universe with joyous praise ;
 Pour forth your melody, till it attains
 Yon glorious home, and mingles with the lays
 That love-fill'd seraphs sing, with glory bright,
 Whose guileless hearts o'erflow with constant calm
 delight.

And lovely flowers, oh beautiful fair flowers !
 Mute monitors, preachers of peace and love,—
 Smiling in gardens, woodlands, fields and bowers,—
 Earth's brightest gems, types of a home above,—
 Oh, sweetly mingle all your rich perfume ;
 In one vast cloud of incense let it float
 To where unfading flow'rets brightly bloom,
 And where the blest adoringly devote
 Their being, attributes, their all, to Him
 Before whose glorious Face e'en heav'n's own light
 grows dim.

Awake, ye wandering winds, your whisperings ;
 And rousing Nature from her death-like trance,
 Wave over water, woods, and wilds your wings,
 Rustling the leaves as onward ye advancee ;
 In soft tones murmur your wide-spreading lay,
 And waft the music of trees, birds, and streams,—
 Oh bear it with the flowers' perfumes away
 To where Jehovah's sacred glory beams ;
 There lowly lay them down before the throne,
 And thus with prayer and praise His holy Presence
 own :—

“Accept the gift, O God for ever blest,
 Which of Thine own we offer unto Thee,
 To whom, Almighty Father, is address'd
 The worship of all things incessantly.
 Small is the offering we humbly bring,
 For all that Thou hast wrought upon the earth ;
 But Thou, from whom all life at first did spring,
 Who call'd us all into a happy birth,
 Oh, may we feel Thy ever-guiding hand
 In all Thy works, made and upheld by Thy command.”

Methinks I hear the prayer the breezes sigh,
 Pouring their gifts at the Creator's feet ;
 Methinks I hear the echoing melody
 From spotless seraphs, that sublimely greet
 With holy music, bliss in every tone,
 The praise and incense floating through the air.
 They humbly bow before the great white throne,
 List to the hallow'd lays that mingle there,
 And waft them on their wings through heav'n's blest bowers,
 To mingle with their songs and amaranthine flowers.

THOUGHTS ON THE BEAUTIFUL.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

KEATS.

THE beautiful is developed in every work of the Almighty; it beams from all which His infinite mind has created and is still creating. He, the Eternal God, is its inexhaustible Source—its overflowing Fount; and deriving it from Him, heaven, earth, ocean and air are filled with, and incessantly pour forth, the beautiful. We hear it in innumerable melodies, and the thrilled heart is enraptured with the sweet music of its beloved voice;—we gaze upon it in its myriad hues and shapes, and are lost in silent admiration at its constant and unfading charms;—we feel its all-pervading influence continually penetrating our inmost souls, and illuminating all within and without, creating a blossoming garden amid the desert of life,—delighting the senses with its glorious colours and sweet fragrances, until this world becomes a Paradise below. There is not a spot on earth but beams with its imperishable impression; there is not a drop of the ocean but sparkles with its transeendent light; the air is filled with its resplendent hues; and the deep blue sky, that boundless canopy—now appearing so calmly clear, its vast expanse unbroken by a solitary cloud; now streaked with fleecy cloudlets flushed with the rosy tints of the rising or the setting sun, and now richly jewelled with innumerable stars, and chastely illumined with the silvery beams of the vestal moon, throughout the day and throughout the night presents the grandest pictures of the beautiful. Above, beneath, around, its ever smiling face is unceasingly seen, and all the productions of the Omnipotent, in all their varied aspects, are ever robed with the illimitable mantle of beauty. The world-arousing beams of the morning—the trance-like stillness of the noon—the harmonious colours of the sunset, which the Creator only could mingle—the thoughtful, memory-awakening twilight—the magnificence of the star-crowned night—the solemn grandeur of the warring elements, when dazzling lightnings flash and reverberating thunders peal—the prismatic hues of the prophetic rainbow, that token of

everlasting covenant between God and man—the multitudinous sights and sounds of ever-changing nature—the smiling Spring, scattering her bright garlands of flowers over the melodious earth—the radiant Summer, enriching it with glowing fruits—the sombre Autumn, painting it in russet tints—the snowy Winter, arraying it in robes of spotless whiteness;—each of these unveils a glorious picture of the beautiful, all its own. Earth, with her myriad voices, is incessantly pouring the sublimest music to the Creator, and heaven exultingly resounds with seraphs' holy songs; and ever mingling in the melodies of heaven and earth, the beautiful returns to its Author, to receive fresh lustre and make all which it visits more lovely still. Who can gaze upon the beautiful, and not be eaptivated with the varied yet ever-pleasing aspects it assumes? Who can listen to its innumerable yet sweetly harmonizing voices, and not feel the thrill of eestasy? Who can inhale the beautiful, and not feel steeped in glowing bliss? It comforts the weary soul; it lightens the burthened heart; it encircles life in a celestial halo—an amarathine fadeless garland; it descended from above, and it is incessantly rising upward, and still upward, to the throne of the Almighty, wafting upon its rainbow wings the thanksgivings of the sweet spots it has visited.—Where fair flowers are brightly blooming and gently trembling at the soft sighs of the wooing zephyr;—in Flora's bowers, in shady groves and solemn woods, ringing with the melodies of the song-birds;—where the rill ripples slowly along o'er its pebbly bed, now gliding unseen yet not in silenee 'neath o'er-arching branches, then gushing again into the golden sunlight, while mirror-like it reflects the honey-laden flowers that blossom upon its banks, and the perfumed gems incline their beautiful heads, and kiss the pellueid water for portraying such pictures of loveliness;—where the lily-fringed stream murmurs its liquid song as it meanders through the flower-strewn meads—its verdant pathway to the mighty ocean, where it loses itself in the boundless expansc, rich with the wealth of every country beneath the sun;—to these, and other innumerable spots, the beautiful hath been: and as a pure fountain scatters its glittering spray, so hath it dropped sweetness and joy wherever it has touched in its angel-flight.

How universal is the reign of the beautiful! It is not alone o'er the lovely isle of England that it wields its heart-swaying sceptre; it is not alone in this happy land that it dwells: there is no spot in the wide world where it is not found; it crowns the summits of the Alpine heights, and it lies beneath the warm Italian sky; it is seen on the ice-bound shores of Greenland, as well as in the luxuriant scenery of the

torrid zone ; it exists amid the impenetrable forests of undiscovered regions—in the mine where the diamond shines, and in the deep unfathomed ocean-caves, beneath the petrel's stormy home. But the mind can penetrate farther than this terrestrial sphere, and see fields of beauty in regions far away. It can pierce through the clouds and shadows that envelope our world, and behold the beauty and magnificence of the planetary universe, and contemplate the vast assemblage of worlds that revolve in order and beauty so far beyond us. There the mind is lost in admiration, and fancy can but faintly picture the wonderful aspects the beautiful assumes in worlds more glorious than ours, inhabited by an order of beings superior to humanity, and with capacities fitted to their exalted state.

Study the productions of the mightiest master-minds, and you will find beauty developed there. In the rich melodies of the poet, in the glowing pages of the historian and the essayist, in the life-like painting of the artist, or the statue of the sculptor—an embodied inspiration,—the beautiful is grandly presented to the view. It rivets the awe-inspired gaze, while the impassioned soul pours forth its deepest homage. But not alone in the poet's verse, not alone in the historian's or the essayist's pages, and not alone in the artist's painting, or the sculptor's statue, is the beautiful to be found ;—science is illuminated with its lustre, and the philosopher and astronomer, with various others, find perhaps as much beauty in their different pursuits as the poet when his thoughts are triumphantly soaring away upon the droopless wings of imagination among scenes too beautiful for human language to portray. The astronomer, while endeavouring to pierce the mysteries of starry space—as his eager thought attempts to grasp the vast expanse peopled with worlds whose glory and immensity dazzle his awe-stricken gaze—think you not that he, in his noble pursuit, finds the most exquisite pleasure? As the admirable system of the universe is progressively developed to his astonished thought, he beholds the unerasable impress of the beautiful stamped in vivid characters upon those glorious globes suspended in the realms of infinity, and his soul-absorbing science becomes still dearer to him as he beholds it irradiated with the magnificence of beauty.

Beauty exists everywhere : the Creator's works are fashioned in its mould, and bear the impress of Omnipotence. "In wisdom hast Thou made them all ; the earth is full of Thy riches." There is beauty, ay, surpassing beauty, in all the scenes around us—the works of nature and the works of art ; and if with such delightful objects the bountiful Author has

embellished this transitory world, scattering along His people's path flowers of beauty and tokens of joy, to shed the light of happiness and hope upon their toilsome way, what tongue can tell the glories of that everlasting land—what mind portray a likeness of the beauty that shall be revealed beyond the portals of mortality? Though there is much of the beautiful around us in our present state, it but faintly foreshadows to our benighted view the hidden beauties of the heavenly home. *There* is perfection, which is not here; hence the immeasurable distance between its scenes of beauty and its sounds of joy, and those which make us happy here.

Beauty develops the power and dignity of man, thrilling his soul with its penetrating glances, it calls his attributes into fullest force; it awakens ambition from its slumber—fires it into action—implants it where it is not. The soul shakes off its lethargy, glows with enthusiasm, and stands apparelled in the majesty of might, with the will to dare and to do things great and good to win the rewarding smiles of beauty. Its power is far less limited and more durable than earth's mightiest conqueror, Death, for it extends beyond the grave, it blooms in heaven. Its influence is unbounded, its glories ever bright, its work ever doing yet never done; in all Nature it is ever active, for it is Nature's imperishable soul. By its attractive influence it has led the victor on to win greater victories; by its all-conquering power kings have been compelled to bow to its superior majesty. How many of the greatest minds have been induced to achieve their noblest works by the encouraging smiles of beauty—monarchs, statesmen, warriors, poets, painters, and philosophers! In the court, the senate, and the camp—in literature, science, and art—what has not been accomplished under its bright and animating influence! It fires the warrior's soul, and nerves his arm with strength; it gives a glory to the poet's verse, and cheers his heart with hope; it makes the painter's imperishable canvass almost glow with life.

The smiles of beauty have filled the warrior with ambition; they have led him on until he has grasped the reins of power, and glorious victory has crowned his mighty efforts; and then, when his grand aim was accomplished, for which he full many times had perilled his life—then, when the dreams of his youth were realized, through which he had passed many sleepless nights and days of the most acute anxiety—then, when you would have thought that all he wished for on earth was accomplished, that he had reached the consummation of all his desires—oh! then, for the sake of beauty—for the sake of one far dearer to him than all that bewildering power, that

boundless wealth, that world-renowned fame—for the sake of one irradiated with beauty has he resigned it all: for her smiling glance was more precious to him than the magnificence of a court; her words of affection were sweeter music to his ears than the praises of a nation; and he felt a far purer pleasure by her side than when seated on his throne, with the crown of royalty upon his head, and arrayed in all the pomp and magnificence of a king.

Poetry constitutes a glorious part of the beautiful. Who can pore over the pages of the poet, and not be conscious of a peculiar delight? Oh, who can peruse and really comprehend that musical language of the heart, and not be filled with rapture? There is a truly magical power—there is an unfathomable depth of beauty in the fadeless garland of poesy: it seems the language of a brighter, happier world than ours; and when issuing from the lips of a beloved one, it is the sweetest music that ear ever heard. Some say that poetry is dead. Dead! it cannot die; it cries, “I am immortal: ere earth was made, I was; when earth hath passed away, I still shall be!” For beauty and sublimity, whose symbols poetry deciphers, and whose teachings poetry vocalizes, were in existence before time began, and will be when time shall be no more. Poetry—sweet blissful poetry! it is still as beautiful as ever it was. The lovely flowers are jewelled with the pellueid rain; they gently bow their odorous heads, and weep rich tears like glittering pearls, and brightly beam with poetry. The glorious Night draws her veil across the cerulean canopy; and as she strews her silver lamps in myriad starry groups, she writes upon the solemn skies the golden name of Poetry. Surely the midnight skies are the poetry of God—the embodied thoughts of Deity.

Poetry is the beaming reflection of beauty. They are inseparably blended: and as long as the smiles of the Creator shall irradiate the face of nature, will they rejoice the world with their united presence, ceaselessly adorning every spot of creation with their glorious gifts; and then, when time shall cease to reign, poetry and beauty will, with their all-pervading splendour, flood with dazzling light every mansion of the blest; they will sweetly float in the lays which immortal spirits will pour to the Almighty, and mingle in each thrill of rapture they will feel.

Before earth was created, yea, before heaven existed, beauty and poetry flowed from their Fount, the everlasting God: blended together they formed the wreath of glory that crowned Divinity, irradiating the solemn darkness with sublimest rays of splendour: they grandly robed the Deity as He reigned

King of the unpeopled and unbounded chaos, while time lay in the womb of the far distant futurity. They mingled in every action of the Omnipotent, whenever He spake His words were sweetest poetry, beaming with richest beauty. And when at His mighty command the heavens sprang into a never-ending existence, poetry and beauty clothed all that those life-giving words brought into birth. They together wandered over those indescribably happy mansions, leaving their glorious impression upon every spot; and when myriads of angels were created, to fill that blissful land and feel the ecstasy of life and companionship with their Creator—they, the sweet twin-sisters, poetry and beauty were heard in the music of their pinions, seen in their beaming countenances; and as their joyous voices simultaneously poured forth harmonious strains of celestial adoration, they sublimely mingled in those grateful melodies, and filled the listening air with glorious praise. And when from the chaotic darkness, the Almighty created this wondrous world, beauty and poetry descended on the radiant wings of light—they were heard in the warblers' melodies, in the ripplings of the rill, in the meanderings of the river, in the majestic roll of the ocean, in the gentle music of the balmy breeze, and the rustling of the leaves: they were revealed in the lovely face of nature, for Jehovah infused them into all creation: they have existed—oh, gloriously existed—till the present time; and when Time sinks in the horizon of Eternity, as the stream is merged in the ocean, and lost in its vastness, even then beauty and poetry will not die: they will survive the wreck of time, and the fall of kingdoms: they will outlive the death of nature, and the death of Death himself: then will they shew their immortality and their unyielding power. While the archangel places one foot upon the land and the other on the sea, proclaiming, with a voice of thunder reaching to earth's remotest bounds, that time shall be no more—while the graves give up their dead, who, wondering, gaze upon the solemn scene—while vivid lightnings flash, and loudest thunders peal,—amid all the consternation occasioned by the overthrow of time, and the reign of eternity—while the Lord descends in all His glorious majesty, upon clouds dazzlingly white, and mighty armies of angels attend His second coming—poetry and beauty will exultingly arise, with undiminished glory from the conflagrations of earth. As an innumerable multitude hear the blissful words from their Redeemer's lips, "Come ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world," think you not that to those enraptured ears the sweetest poetry and beauty will be conveyed in those welcome, oh, dearly welcome words!

And as upon spirit-pinnions they soar upward, and still upward, through the angel-thronged, the melody-resounding sky, irradiating beauty beams from their dazzling countenances, and poetry fills the air with richness at each quiver of their musical wings ; and as they follow in their Redeemer's golden track sweetening their bright pathway with a shower of melody.

Oh list to the song that their glad voices sing,
 As up to their mansions their bright way they wing :
 "All glory and honour, our Author, to Thee—all praise and all
 power be given ;
 We will strike our bright harps in Thy glorious praise, when
 we enter the mansions of heaven.
 We loved Thee on earth, we adored Thee below ; and that
 joy shall be ours now for ever :
 Our affections to Thee shall uneasinessly flow, as the stream
 to the wide rolling river.
 As nearer we come to Thy dazzling home, oh, the splendours
 are growing more bright :
 We are lost in refulgences beaming from Thee, Thou Source
 of this heavenly light.
 But our sight is increased : we can gaze on the scenes, though
 brighter, still brighter they grow ;
 And through glories on glories, that stream from our Lord,
 oh higher, still higher we go.
 What sweet thrills of rapture we blissfully feel as we enter the
 amaranth bowers,
 To know that our Saviour shall aye be our King, and His
 heavenly home too be ours,—
 To live in the light of His fatherly smile, and the bliss of His
 fathomless love,—
 To hear the kind words of His dearly loved voice, wherever
 in rapture we rove,
 We strike our bright harps, and with glad voices sing, as
 Thee, our Lord God, we adore ;
 All glory and honour our Author to Thee,—all praise and all
 power evermore."

Yes, poetry and beauty will outlive the overthrow of Time ; they will arise Phoenix-like out of the ashes of the world they once glorified ; they will arise, with unabated strength and undimmed lustre, upon their unsullied pinions, to the home of the blest, there to exist through the everlasting ages of Eternity.

The Scriptures contain the finest poetry which the pen ever wrote : the language of the Bible is the sublimest that eye

ever read, or ear ever heard. How rich in imagery—how full of thought—how pregnant with mightiest meaning is that most holy Book ! It is full of wisdom, beauty, and poetry ; wisdom is stamped on each verse, beauty clothes each chapter, whilst its every page is gloriously illuminated with poetry. And how could it be otherwise, when the minds whence those undying passages emanated were inspired by God, and the fingers that penned that everlasting Book were guided by a Divine Hand ! It is Jehovah's Work, and every other work sinks into utter insignificance before that matchless masterpiece of wisdom. Would you seek for Poetry ?—unfold its leaves, and you will revel in poetry far more beautiful than any this world has produced or ever will produce. Would you search for History ?—oh, where are the histories that can vie with those of the Bible ? Would you find Sublimity ?—its every page is brightened with the sublimest passages. Would you discover Pathos ?—it is one of the chief constituents of the Bible. Would you behold Truth ?—the Bible is an inexhaustible well, full to overflowing with the loftiest and most solemn truths. Would you gaze upon Beauty ?—go to the Bible, and it will smile upon you in its highest, noblest perfection. It contains rich mines of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language. All that tends to elevate man can there be found :—it is an everlasting finger-post pointing out the road to happiness—a messenger of love, sent down by God to be the light of life ; a welcome, a thrice welcome messenger, kindly speaking to us of a Saviour's love, and soothingly telling us of a land beyond the grave—

A land where sorrow is unknown.

It is the joy of earth : it is the beacon-light that guides the weary tempest-tossed voyager to the harbour of eternal life.

Oh holy Book ! beloved Bible ! how precious thou art ! far, far more precious than gold of Peru, or pearls of Golconda ! Thou driest the tears of the mourner, and hushest the sighs of the sorrow-laden heart : in thee there is a balm for every wound, and he who sits down to thee in sadness, rises with smiles. Thy voice is sweet music to the troubled in spirit : there are infinitely more attractions in thee than in all the works of the most celebrated writers of classic ages ; for our whole souls are overwhelmed with thy splendours ;—thou art the rarest and the most inestimable treasure that this world contains. Is there a home without thee ? Can it be called a home where thou art not ? Oh, no ! that house deserves not the sacred name of home where the Bible is not to be found. But it is a thought which causes heart-felt thankfulness that Albion does not alone possess the Book of Inspiration, but

she has sent it far across the deep blue main, and with its messengers of peace and love to explain it to our far-distant benighted fellow-men. Oh, soon may the blissful time arrive when it shall be as universal as the air we breathe, and when the whole world shall live according to its admirable precepts!

The boldest and noblest flights of the greatest writers of every country—those works by which they are immortalized—oh, how very feeble they are when compared with that glowing fire, that irresistible force, and that lofty sublimity of arrangement so remarkable in the Scriptures. All other books fade into nothingness before the Bible, like stars before the rising sun. The sweetest melodies of the poet, the loftiest eloquence of the orator, the grandest revelations of the philosopher, or histories world-wide in their range—all of earth's best writings, oh, what are they put in comparison with the Book of books? It matters not to what part we turn: each is alike beautiful—each is glorified with unearthly splendours. Whether we read the graphic narratives of Moses, or the unrivalled histories which succeed; whether we ponder the magnificent foreshadowings of the prophets, or peruse the poetical writings of Solomon and David; whether we follow the footsteps of our Lord with the evangelists,—who so truthfully portray His birth, life, death, resurrection, and ascension, whether we contemplate the doings of the Apostles, learn holiness from their instructive epistles, or are lost in wonder and admiration over that noble poem, the Apocalypse—the prophetic revelations of St. John:—still poetry and beauty meet our view in every page, and brightly illumine the whole. They wreathed Isaiah's heaven-taught harp, and flowed from the lips of the sweet singer of Israel; they beamed from the star that guided the wise men to where the Saviour lay in the manger; they arose in sweetest fragrance from the costly gifts presented to the Messiah by the sages of the East; they flowed from His lips as He discoursed with the learned doctors; they richly mingled in His sermon on the mount, and fell upon the listeners' ears like soothing music from above, and sank into their yielding hearts like precious drops of balm from “Hermon's dewy hill;” they unfolded themselves in every miracle which He performed; and when upon Calvary the mysterious plan of redemption was being accomplished, sorrowful poetry issued from His dying voice, as He exclaimed in anguish, “Eli, Eli, lama sabacthani!” and yielded up the ghost. In the death of the Saviour what love, poetry, and beauty were sacredly combined: love, for His affection was boundless, unfathomable as Eternity; poetry, for the awful mystery accomplished

was the grandest of poetry ; beauty, for oh how solemnly beautiful was the self-consecrated death of the GOD-MAN !

The Seasons as they roll along unceasingly unfold the varied shades of the beautiful : its tints, though changeful, are ever bright ; and its scenes, though shifting and successive in their aspects, never fade. Each, with its peculiar but ever-pleasing attributes, richly develops the beautiful. The joyous Spring comes arrayed in flowery garlands, beaming with brightest smiles, singing the sweetest melodies, and wearing around her spotless brow the immortal wreath of beauty. The glowing Summer brings her cloudless days and calm twilight nights, and viewless zephyrs that float whisperingly along, breathing upon her mantle of beauty. The variegated Autumn is appareled with innumerable tints of the beautiful ; and old old Winter, although he is robed in snows, is not less beautiful than his predecessors.

It is a calm Spring day. The lovely flowers begem earth's emerald carpet ; the warblers pour forth their delicious melodies, as they flit along from tree to tree, whose branches are laden with clustering blossoms ; the gentle breeze steals o'er the sunlit sward, fanning the quivering face of Nature into sweetest music, making a grand Eolian harp of each blooming grove. A few white clouds, like hills of silver rising from an azure plain, are piled against the deep blue sky. The sparkling stream flows melodiously along, and at the musical whisper of the breeze the smiling flowers slowly bend their fragrant heads, and softly touch its murmuring waters. The blossoms drop from the boughs, the flowers fade and die away ; but others as lovely as the departed ones appear, and still beauty reigns upon and brightens the earth.

The Summer comes arrayed in radiant loveliness :—she comes, and earth gradually changes its aspect : but hath beauty forsaken it because the Spring hath wept an adieu ? Hath beauty forsaken it because many of its flowers have departed, like lovely visions of the silent night ? Oh, no ! for the brilliant Summer scatters jewels as bright as those that have fled with the Spring. It is a sweet Summer day : not a single cloud obscures the majestic dome ; the bright beams of the golden orb penetrate each spot of the hushed earth, bathing it in a rich flood of glory. No sounds disturb the silence that exists in such deep solemnity over all : earth seems wrapt in holy repose. But hark ! one solitary sound, like an unforgotten melody, sweetly falls upon the listening ear : it is the gentle gurgling of the mountain-born rivulet, murmuring in its secret way o'er many lovely spots, flowing on to the stream that rolls to the fathomless ocean. How

peaceful is the picture! Nature is unruffled; for the breeze hath softly sighed itself to sleep, faint with its luxuriant load of perfume. The dazzling sun rolls silently to the blushing west, and in grandest loveliness is descending towards the gold-flushed hills. It is a Summer eve; the air is refreshingly cool; the breeze partially awakens from its lethargy, and gently fans the motionless leaves; they faintly quiver, while a bird with its rich notes makes sound sweeter than silence. Oh the beauty of a summer's evening cannot be portrayed! It is full; it overflows with inexpressible loveliness. What thrills of rapture penetrate the awe-filled heart, whilst watching the glorious luminary depart, in all his varied lovely dyes looking a grand farewell, as he fringes each leaf, and flower, and stream, and tree with his crimson fire!

The gorgeous Autumn reigns upon the variegated earth. Many of the flowers are gone, but the leaves, with their hues of russet, red, and yellow, that lie scattered in such profusion around, are almost as beautiful as the flowers of the Spring. The wind sighs a plaintive requiem amid the trembling trees, divested of their green garments, as if it sorrowed for their departed glory—but Autumn is beautiful even in its melancholy; it is full of that beauty which leaves the greatest impression upon the mind, a beauty over which memory loves to linger, as if it there found something congenial with itself. The fruits of the year hang ripe upon the bending boughs, and nature appears as lovely as when the rosy spring sprinkled her fair blossoms upon its smiling face. The fruits and the flowers seem to vie with each other in beauty, and with silent yet eloquent voices proclaim the goodness of the Creator in thus so beneficently providing for the gratification of mankind. “The earth is full of Thy riches,” and ever displays Thy unerring wisdom.

The Winter comes with icy breath and snowy mantle, robing the earth in purest whiteness: but beauty reigns still; for all the flowers are not yet gone, and the evergreens are fringed with the virgin pearly white, making the holly’s crimson berries look lovelier still, and glow with a deeper colour. The feathery snow-flakes quiveringly fall through the still air, and beautifully robe every spot they touch. The icicles hang from the cold branches of the trees, and the still colder edges of the rocks; they wreath the eaves of the ancient mansion, and cluster round the crystal fountain that erewhile played in its gardens—its dancing waters now locked in the arms of wintry sleep—and the transparent pendants gleam in the mild rays of the sun, like the roof-lights of a fairy hall. When we awake in the morning, the enchanting

landscapes—beautiful in their very grotesqueness—upon the window-panes, claim our unqualified admiration ; and thus is the very breath we exhale, transformed into objects of beauty, to gratify the appreciative eye of the lover of nature. How near akin in its effect is this suggester of sweet meditation to the pictures in the ruddy embers of our winter-evening fire, though the productive cause of these phenomena are the opposite extremes of heat and cold. But all nature harmonizes to produce the Beautiful.

Nature is an inexhaustible book whose every page is brightly illumined with beauty and poetry, and the oftener we peruse its glowing pages in a devout spirit, the nobler we become, and the more are we assimilated to the Divine Nature.

Suns rise and set, the seasons perform their revolutions, day rolls upon day, month follows month, year succeeds year, and yet they find no change in beauty. Wonderful are the changes which have been wrought—unlimited is the mighty sway of death ; generation after generation has been swept away ; kingdoms have fallen ; war has devastated the earth, and peace hath sweetly smiled upon it ;—this globe has known changes which defy description, and yet unchanged the beautiful remains, as bright and as glorious as ever ; it mingles in life, and it mingles in death,—yea, it mingles in everything ; therefore is it immortal. The things that it has beautified have crumbled into dust ; the fair forms upon which it hath poured its richest showers have dropped into the dreary tomb ; earth's loveliest flowers have been laid low by the ever-working scythe of Death ; yet the beautiful hath not died with them, for although it makes its abode in perishable objects, yet it is as imperishable as the un-dying soul.

Earth is as full of beauty as the lap of spring with flowers ; and, oh ! when is the beautiful so grandly developed as when the lovely Night comes arrayed in all her magnificence ? She strews infinity with grandeur, and firmly stamps her seal upon the face of Nature, until it bears the most glorious impression of beauty. Night hath been victorious over Day, and now like a proud conqueror, she nobly treads the starry fields of heaven—her form majestic as a god, her dark robes brilliant with innumerable gems, beauty and sublimity magnificently combined in a crown of glory encircling her regal brow. There is a grander, a far more solemn loveliness presiding over the earth whilst the Night wields her queenly sceptre, for heaven seems nearer and more holy then, and to the thoughtful mind a hallowed influence descends with the silvery light raining down from those bright companies of stars.

Flowers, fair lovely flowers ! ever beautiful ! Beauty hath

steeped you in all its sweetness ; for whether ye are blooming in our gardens, or preservcd between the leaves of a favourite book, still, still, ye are beautiful ; ye spangle the smiling earth with stars of beauty, appearing like diamonds upon the verdant sward. Oh, ye bright jewels, were ye dropped from angel's wings, that ye are so wondrously beautiful ! Oh, with what a fathomless love do I love you, beautiful flowers ! Fair flowers, ye are Nature's sweetest poetry, her mute but eloquent teachers. If we inadvertently tread upon you, ye gently raise your beautiful heads, ye kiss our feet, then lovingly look in our faces, and breathe a richer perfume in return. Oh, what lessons do ye teach us, beloved flowers ! " Who would wish to live without flowers ? Where would the poet find his images of beauty, if they were to perish ? Are they not the emblems of loveliness and innocence, and the living types of all that is pleasing and graceful ? We compare young lips to the rose, and the white brow to the radiant lily ; the winning eye is blue as the violet, and the sweet voice like a breeze kissing its way through the flowers. We hang delicate blossoms on the silken ringlets of the young bride, and strew her path with fragrant flowers as she leaves the church. We place them around the marble face of the dead in the 'narrow coffin, and they become emblems of our affections—of pleasures remembered and hopes faded—wishes vanished, and scenes cherished in memory, all the more, because they can never return. We look to the far-off spring in other vallies—to the eternal summer beyond the grave, where flowers that never fade bloom in those starry fields, which no chilly winter ever blew over. They come upon us in spring like the remembrance of a pleasant dream—a vision that hovered above us in sleep, peopled with shadowy beauties, and simple delights, embroidered with the richest hues of fancy. Sweet flowers ! that bring back again the scenes of childhood,"—that awaken thoughts which unlock the fountains of the heart.

" Our sense of the beautiful in Nature is inseparably connected with flowers, they are truly her fairest and sweetest creation. As we gaze upon her loveliness through the eyes of the heart, these fairy-like emanations seem to lie cradled in the lap of earth as her last born and fragile offspring, over which bend, with silent tenderness, veneration, and love, all her more mature brother and sister plants. Through all the jarring discords and turmoils of life, there are ever rising up some soft harmonies, some chorus of pure emotion, moments when we re-enter as it were the Eden of our childhood, to sport and rejoice amidst its unfaded flowers and amaranthine bowers—therefore these blossoms have ever been held sacred

as the offering of love, and are bound up and associated with all the most touching epochs and emotions of our lives. They are consecrated in crowning every joyous festival to which they add a grace and poetry all their own; they visit alike the cradle and the shroud, and their silent language is never more touching than when their drooping heads are pillow'd on some new-laid grave, and watered by the mourner's tear—or on the green old mound, half obliterated by time—but which still holds (engraven on some heart) the spell of a past and never-to-be-forgotten history. Both poet and philosopher must agree that the Creator, in whom in their profound and spiritual essences exists, the fountain of all true poesy and philosophy, formed these sweet flowers to administer to the soul an innate love of beauty, to feed and awaken its purest and highest emotions, and lead us on, by a sense of pleasure to the contemplation of the ideal and the secret springs of truth and beauty.

"The simple and the unlearned may in them find a deep lesson of wisdom, which the acumen of the student and philosopher may fail to compass—or the gazing astronomer not arrive at, in the midst of his profound investigations. With what a sympathetic interest are these dear plants imbued! how often do they speak to our moral consciousness as nothing else in God's universe can! The vast and starry firmament is also fraught with its peculiar message to the soul, raising it in lofty and sublime contemplations—but only at night-fall are we permitted to gaze on its glories. The rainbow that spans the soft and distant landscape is lovely, but too ethereal, and for 'all our gazing will not stay.' The song of birds is sweet, and lulls the heart to repose, but to enjoy and indulge in this solace we must often wander from home and duties, or confine a pining prisoner to an unnatural and comparatively joyless life for our selfish pleasure. Then all hail to the fair flowers that

'Dwell beside our paths and homes,'—

throwing their fragrance over life, making it a sunny Paradise, instead of a dreary wilderness.....that meet our glance mid festive scenes, like sister spirits—or in the peasant's lowly cot, sing of hope and happiness and the better land—ever eloquent and cheering as the smiles of those we love—or that win our gaze as we roam amidst woodland solitudes, telling us ever the same true holy lesson

'Live for to-day, to-morrow's light,
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight.
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
And Heaven thy morn shall bless.'—IDA."

"Beautiful are the wild flowers, the daisies strewn like radiant pearls upon the grass ; and in deep woodland nooks the blue bells like an azure cloud fallen from heaven ; where primroses and violets nestle side by side on the warm and sunny banks." But if the field flowers are beautiful, the garden flowers are equally so. The crimson and white roses, dear England's loveliest flowers, sweeten the balmy air with richest odours ; they brightly sparkle with glittering dewdrops wreathing them with a tiara of nature's gems ! Morning, noon and night are they surpassingly beautiful ; and though the bee whilst humming its summer song, constantly extracts their sweetness, yet are they as rich and as beautiful as ever ; and when they droop and fade away, they still retain their perfume, and are gathered by fair fingers and fondly preserved, giving fragrance to pages of beauty. All Flora's treasures are beautiful, and the flowers of the garden seem to vie with each other in sweetness and loveliness. We sighingly behold them fade away, but others as bright appear in their stead. How different it is with us ! Death snatches away our dearest and loveliest flowers but others come not to supply *their* vacant places. Our gardens may be desolate for awhile, but the joyous Spring will again scatter her bright blossoms, studding them with beauty ; but the friends that we have lost by death are for ever gone. Gentle zephyrs will wander over their resting places, murmuring the sweetest music, and wafting the richest perfumes ; the warblers will sing their lays in the branches that overshadow them ; but the melodies of the breeze, and the songs of the birds will not awaken them from their dark slumber. The flowers of the spring will bloom upon their graves, but all their varied loveliness will not restore them to life ;—cloudless skies will smile above, and the sun shed his beams upon their tombs, but all his golden brightness will not chase away the shadow of Death that hovers there :—Autumn will sigh a plaintive requiem, as its gorgeous leaves of many varied hues are scattered over them ; its tears will fall there, and the snows of the winter shroud their place of rest in purest whiteness. But let us hope that in far brighter vesture, far more spotless than the snowy shroud of Winter—they are now robed, whilst their beloved voices are joining in the glorious hallelujahs that blissful throngs of angels pour to their Almighty King. There their bright eyes will never be clouded with tears ; there they will never feel pain or sorrow, for there all is happiness. Perhaps they now are gazing down upon the loved ones left behind, and filling their mournful hearts with blissful hope.

How solemnly beautiful is Death !—Have you not had the indescribable sorrow of gazing upon the lifeless form of one

who was very dear to you? Have you not felt that death made a void in your heart which nothing could ever fill? Have you not looked with tear-dimmed eyes upon the inanimate clay, and felt your utter desolation, when you knew that all your weeping would not restore the spirit to its earthly tenement? Oh, then have you not felt that there has been beauty even in death—a solemn, a soul-impressing, a spirit-thrilling, a sorrowful beauty, such as defies description, attracting yet repelling, indescribably mysterious?

But though objects in which beauty is portrayed may die, the beautiful itself never dies; it cannot die, for it is as immortal as its Author. It descended from above, and wherever it appears, it proclaims that it is heavenly.

Oh, what would earth be without the beautiful! Divested of its glorious lustre, it would be far more gloomy than the darkest night; but with the beautiful, it is a foreshadowing of heaven. Nature with her innumerable voices is everlastingly uttering the beautiful, and incessantly proclaiming that it proceeds from the Omnipotent. The waters, as in solemn music they surge along, roll the sublimest anthem to the Eternal; the majestic trees wave a lofty lay to Him who made them in their beauty rise; the birds pour forth in strains of sweetest melody their grateful songs of praise to the Creator; the flowers waft their rich aroma upon the silken wings of the breeze, that softly whispers its gentle music; all, all is beautiful, for all emanated from God. Then love the beautiful! It loves thee; it smiles upon thee from the dawn till the close of life. In thy infancy it beamed upon thee in a mother's smile, it mingled in the music of her voice, and it gave a brighter lustre to her eyes as she fondly gazed upon her beloved one. All through life it will attend thee in its varied forms and hues; and even when death veils the scenes of earth from thy sight, the beautiful flowers will spangle thy grave, the trees will musically whisper over thee, and the birds and the breezes sing their sweet melodies there. Love the beautiful; for wherever you gaze you meet its smiling face; every spot beams with its lustre, every flower unfolds its multifarious hues, and forms a part of its all-extended self. Love the beautiful; for it will make thee noble and aspiring; thou wilt gaze upon the scenes of earth with other eyes, and feel sweetest thrills of ecstasy pervade thine enraptured heart. It is worthy of being appreciated; it is worthy of being loved; for when the spirit is cast down, when life is overshadowed with gloom, when the heart is heavy with its load of care, the beautiful comes in its myriad shapes, and with its irradiating smiles brightens all the darkness. Perhaps it floats in a tone of music, or unfolds itself in the pages of a delight-

ful book, or is seen in a sweet landscape : in whatever shape it appears, it is ever welcome, for it brings happiness upon its revivifying wings ; the heart loses its sadness, and loves the beautiful with a deeper love.

Oh cherish and cultivate a love for the beautiful in thy heart, and it shall intersperse thy every care with joy, and shed around thee happiness and peace in thy sojourn here below. Endeavour by every means to promote a love for it among those by whom thou art surrounded, for it will illumine the darkest page of life, and strike its rays of celestial brightness into the depths of the most desponding soul : under its benign influence thy downcast brother "shall take heart again," and go on his way rejoicing.

"Scatter the germs of the beautiful—

By the wayside let them fall,

That the rose may grow by the cottage-gate,

And the vine on the garden-wall.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful

In the depths of the human soul ;

They shall bud, and blossom, and bear thee fruit,

While the endless ages roll."

Whatever tends to elevate man in the scale of creation, to raise his mind, and lead him onward in the path of progress to the attainment of excellence, that contains the germs of the beautiful. Whatever is calculated to fill his soul with high and holy aspirations, and make him strive after a more exalted state of existence, whatever helps to restore in man the lost image of divinity, that contains the germs of the beautiful. Whatever tends to create greater degrees of love and happiness in the family circle, to heighten the joys of domestic felicity, and to render home in truth *happy*, that contains the germs of the beautiful. Whatever instills into the breast of man greater love for his fellow-man, draws more closely the bonds of brotherhood around the heart, that contains the germs of the beautiful. Whatever helps to ameliorate the condition of humanity, to alleviate suffering, or to send a thrill of joy into the heart heavy with the sorrows of the world, that contains the germs of the beautiful. Whatever aids the promotion of happiness and hope in the place of misery and despair ; whatever has a tendency to bring peace on earth, and goodwill to men, and to hasten the advent of the happy time which shall behold its accomplishment, that contains the germs of the beautiful, and those germs will break forth and bear fruit a hundred-fold, to the advancement of man's happiness, and God's glory.

Language fails to utter all I feel in praise of the beautiful ; for if I could dip my pen in the gorgeous hues of the resplendent

dent rainbow, so that my words might sparkle with their loveliness,—if I had drunk deeply of the inexhaustible fount of knowledge,—if I were endowed with illimitable treasures of deepest thought and riehest fancy,—if I possessed the power of the mightiest mind that this world ever produced, even if I possessed a mind capable of traversing the untrodden realms of infinity, I could not portray, in language adequate to the glorious theme, in how many hues and shapes the beautiful presents itself to the view. But if I have succeeded in developing some of the scenes in which it may be beheld, if I have unveiled any of its sweet features, then will these thoughts, imperfect though they be—then will this glimpse, transient as it is, implant within your soul a deeper love for the beautiful.

THE OLD HALL.

THE old Hall lies in ruins, where a happy child I stray'd,
And Desolation holds her reign, where merrily I play'd ;
The gardens are o'ergrown with weeds, each sculptured foun-
tain's dry,
And through the echoing corridors the wind moans mournfully.

The owl hoots from the lofty tower where the creeping ivy clings,
And wakes a dirge-like music as he waves his sombre wings ;
The court-yard's carpeted with moss, and tear-like falls the dew
O'er rank and tangled grass between the flagstones struggling
through.

The frescoed ceiling's fallen down; the bat and raven roam
Throughout that stately edifice, my old ancestral home :
Where noble forms have proudly stood, dark crumbling ruins lie;
Where lovely faces beam'd with smiles, black walls now greet
the eye.

The pictured glass lies shatter'd o'er the broken marble floor,
And the worm is gnawing to decay each quaint-carved oaken
door ;
The portraits gaze not from the walls, the moonlight streameth
there,
And phantom shadows come and go through the solemn mid-
night air.

Dismantled is the ancient park, the deer roam far away ;
The old majestic oaks are fell'd, and wash'd with ocean's spray ;
The rooks have found another home, but no other home have I,
And tear on tear is coursing down, and sigh succeeding sigh.

I gaze upon my childhood's home, and hear the moaning breeze
 Sighing low and fitful requiems 'mid the trembling cypress-
 trees,—

And through the lonely chambers where I heard my mother's
 voice,
 Whose tender accents ever made my loving heart rejoice.

But she sleeps the long, deep sleep of death 'neath the ruin'd
 chapel stone,

And in the wide, wide world I'm left, all friendless and alone ;
 Not one to breathe a kindly word, or cheer my drooping heart—
 When will these dark and brooding clouds that shroud my
 life depart ?

Weeds mar the broad lake's glassy face, its calm sweet beauty's
 o'er

The stately snowy swan will glide o'er its smooth breast no
 more ;

Long grass waves o'er its broken banks, where the Forget-me-not
 Robed with romance and loveliness that oft-remember'd spot.

My own dear garden's lying waste, uprooted is each flower ;
 Deserted is the summer-house, we named the "Roses' Bower,"
 For roses mantled every spot, and blush'd in every nook,
 Breathing their fragrance as I pored o'er some old ballad-book.

And when the distant hills were streak'd with sunset's gor-
 geous beams,

Whose glorious lustre crimson-flush'd the silver-lilied streams,
 Oh ! then the roses brightly glow'd with a deeper, lovelier dye,
 While hues of purple and of gold o'er-spread the dappled sky.

When solemn night in grandeur reign'd, spangling the bound-
 less blue

With starry orbs of golden light, like angels gazing through,
 The dew-drops fringed each sleeping flower, and Philomel
 sang there,

Filling with music sadly sweet the list'ning balmy air.

But the Roses' Bower has fallen down—the flowers no longer
 bloom ;

My childhood's home is desolate—all, all have found a tomb ;
 And though proud manhood's dawn has come, I long to be at
 rest,

And meet the loved ones, gone before, in the mansions of the blest.

FLOWERS.

FLOWERS ! flowers ! beantiful flowers,
 Spangling the gardens, the woodlands, and bowers ;
 Filling our hearts with the purest delight,
 Dear as a glorious dream of the night,—
 Rich censers, exhaling fresh inense above ;
 Summer-bells pealing of glory and love,—
 I love you in sunshine, I love you in showers,
 Flowers, flowers, beautiful flowers !

Oh earth's glowing stars ! were ye dropp'd from the skies
 By minist'ring spirits, to gladden our eyes ?
 Have ye bloom'd in that land where the seraphim roam ?
 Have ye breathed your perfume in yon heavenly home,
 Where Spring ever reigns in her fairest array,
 And not even one blossom e'er fadeth away ?
 Where the angels' sweet melodies thrill the blest bowers,
 Flowers, flowers, beautiful flowers !

Ye are kiss'd by the breeze, as it wooingly floats
 And wafts you the warblers' thanksgiving notes ;
 Illumed by the beams of the bright orb on high,
 And freshen'd with dewdrops that lovingly lie
 And sweeten to honey on each velvet breast,
 Whieh the bee and the butterfly sip as they rest ;
 Whilst ye sparkle with jewels from Sumner's soft showers,
 Flowers, flowers, beautiful flowers !

Ye adorn the bright tress of the beautiful bride,
 Adding beauty to beauty in glittering pride ;
 Ye bloom on the graves of the deeply-mourn'd dead,
 And remind us of joys that for ever have fled :
 Pure emblems of pleasure, pale emblems of pain,
 Causing bright sunny smiles, and the heart's tearful rain,
 Your influence is mighty,—oh, great are your powers,
 Flowers, flowers, beautiful flowers !

And when I'm at rest in the dark solemn tomb,
 Fair flowers, sweet flowers, I implore you to bloom
 On the grave of the one who hath loved you so well,
 More deeply, more truly than language can tell.
 Ye have caused me to weep, ye have caused me to smile,
 And my heart from its sorrows ye often beguile :
 I'll love you, I'll love you, 'mid sunshine and showers,
 Flowers, flowers, beautiful flowers !

EVERY HEART KNOWETH ITS OWN SORROW.

Truly each heart its own deep sorrow knows,—
 Some hidden woe, too sacred for the world,
 Lies ever in its innermost recess,
 Silently wasting the fair life away,
 Like wan decay slow feeding on a rose.
 The face may beam with smiles, the eye be bright,
 The brow be calm and placid as a lake
 Unruffled by a solitary breeze
 To wake the water-lilies from their sleep ;
 And joyous words come ringing from the lips ;
 Yet the lone heart may ache with agony,
 And heave and throb with a ne'er-whisper'd grief.
 Friend! dost not thou this world-wide truth attest,
 Thy bosom swelling with some secret pain ?
 Dost thou not wear the shadow of some cloud ?
 Are there no deep-set thorns that pierce thy soul ?
 Oh, by that sigh my answer I receive,
 And by that tear is told our sympathy !

A LIFE-RHYME.

Suggested by Longfellow's noble "Psalm of Life."

Oh my brother, spirit-weary,
 Toiling up the steep of Time,
 'Mid the mist, by passes dreary,
 To a nobler, happier clime !

Though thy sky be overclouded,
 Though thy path be dark and drear,
 Though thy soul with doubt be shrouded,
 Oh let Faith still conquer Fear !

Be thy life-cry "Forward" ever :
 And thy heart be strong and true,
 From its purpose swerving never ;
 Much is thine to bear and do.

Though sharp thorns bestrew thy pathway ;
 Though thou fallest, yet arise ;—
 Undiscouraged, onward, upward
 Press with faith that never dies.

Let the cheering thought console thee,
 Thou hast one true Friend above,
 Who is ever watching o'er thee
 With a never-waning love.

Though His face awhile be hidden
 From thy sad, desponding view,
 Oh, remember clouds of darkness
 Often veil the heavenly blue :

Yes ; but when those clouds are parting,
 Far more beauteous it appears,
 Like a flower raindrop-laden,
 Smiling through its pearly tears.

So the darkest hour, remember,
 Gloometh just before the morn,
 When Night's starry eyes are closing,
 Ere her child, the Day, be born.

He liveth well who nobly doeth,
 He liveth well who bravely grieves ;
 Each his destined path pursueth,
 Each his own reward receives.

Be thy life-cry "Forward" ever ;
 Let thy heart be strong and true,
 From its purpose swerving never ;
 Much is thine to bear and do.

THE BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

"MOTHER, mother! *do* look! oh, what beautiful violets!" and the blue eyes of the lovely child sparkle with animation as she intently fixes them upon her mother's face. "Shall I not gather them, and weave them into a posy? Oh, they will make such a sweet posy to put in my little room." The assent is lovingly given, and the delighted Laura eagerly plucks them, one by one, from their grassy bank, and smilingly entwines them into a nosegay; and with a lightsome heart she gaily trips across the flowery mead,—now chasing a butterfly, whose rainbow hues please her fancy, and now gazing on the reflection of her lovely face pictured in the silvery stream.

The violets are tastefully arranged in the clear spring water, and placed on the sill of the easement, whose pretty diamond panes are shaded by the clustering roses that lovingly clamber over them, sweetening them with the richest odours ; and the glorious rays of the setting sun gleam through the trembling leaves of the roses, and brightly gaze upon the sweet bunch of violets. And now the evening prayer is slowly, softly uttered by that melodious voice ; and as it floats from those little rosy lips, angelic spirits bear the welcome music to the eternal mansions above, to mingle with their heavenly harmonies.

Before Laura retires to her couch, she bestows another loving look upon her treasured flowers, inhales their fragrant perfume, and leaving a good-night kiss upon each folding leaf, she sinks into her snowy nest ; and when folded in the gentle arms of slumber, dreams lovely dreams of valleys full of blossoming violets.

* * * * *

A year has rolled away, and that mother is lonely now. There is a little grave added to the village churchyard, overgrown with violets, planted by the trembling hands of a bereaved and sorrowing parent, and constantly watered by her unavailing tears. The flowery Spring hath again spangled the smiling earth with her wreathed garlands, and they are blooming upon the grave of her who will never more behold their varied beauties. She is sleeping the dreamless sleep of death, beneath that sacred spot over which her little feet had so often wandered, and the flowers that she loved so well are shedding their perfume upon her tomb. Her spirit hath returned to its Creator. The fair bud was too delicate, too beautiful to expand into bloom ; therefore Death was commissioned to pluck it from the garden of Earth, and he intrusted it to the care of guardian angels, who, with a song of glorious exultation, transplanted it in the amaranthine bowers of Immortality.

In her *now* solitary chamber the weeping mother mournfully gazes upon a withered bunch of violets—they are brightly sparkling, not with the rain-drops of nature, but with the tear-drops of one whose sunshine has departed. She is thinking of the blissful *past*, when the merry prattle of her beloved one fell in sweetest music upon her enraptured ears, and when the sight of her lovely faee was dearer than aught else in the wide world. She is thinking of the *present*, and knows, alas ! too well, that the tones of that dear voice are for ever hushed, and that never-to-be-forgotten faee is for ever shrouded from her view. Low, and lower still, bends that pale face over the

moistened flowers ; and through the blossoming roses stream
the crimson rays of the setting sun, and brightly fall upon
the Bunch of Violets.

A SPRING-TIME SONNET.

THE earth is rich with beauty, sweet with song,
And fairest flowers begem each verdant field,
And lavishly their fragrant incense yield ;
While Zephyr's whisper'd music floats along.
In blooming bowers the quiv'ring leaves are wreathed
With crystal drops that fell in cooling showers,
And all around the balmy winds have breathed,
And gladd'ning sunbeams smile on glist'ning flowers :—
Meek violets, fair lilies-of-the-vale,
Pale primroses, gold cowslips, and blue-bells,—
And honeysuckles, whose sweet odours sail
In viewless vapours through the vocal dells,
Where many a marm'ring bee rich nectar sips
From pearl-wreathed rosebuds' parting ruby lips.

OH, COME TO ME, LOVE !

Oif, come to me, Love ! in the beautiful grove
Where the moonbeams are pouring their light ;
And through the luxuriant gardens we'll rove,
And gaze on the splendour of night.

Ten thousand bright stars look down from the sky,
And the fountains are filling the air
With crystalline jewels, that lucently vie
With the lilies and roses fair.

The soft air is laden with sweetest perfume,
And the nightingale warbles his lay ;
The faint zephyrs sigh where the fresh flowers bloom,
And bear their rich fragrance away.

Then, come to me, Love ! in the beautiful grove,
And fill my lone heart with delight,
As through the luxuriant gardens we rove,
While the moonbeams are pouring their light.

A PORTRAIT.

OH for the power to paint that peerless one—
 In glowing tints, true to fair Nature's touch,
 Portray the loveliness enthroned on her,
 The matchless master-piece of Beauty's works.
 She is more beautiful than rosy morn,
 Or fairest visions of the silent night ;
 Her eyes are darkly blue as midnight skies
 Unsullied by a solitary cloud ;
 For they have caught the blue-bells deepest dye,
 And the twin lust'rous orbs with light are fill'd
 Like sunlit dewdrops in a violet,
 And ever beam with such resplendency,
 They dazzle the beholder's duller sight.
 Her cheeks appear like pink-flush'd ocean shells,
 Blushing at the soft wavelets' gentle kiss :
 Like snowy roses, delicately tinged
 With the last ray of the receding sun.
 And smiles go rippling o'er her lovely face,
 Like sunshine playing o'er a dimpled lake.
 Rich music floats from her vermillion lips
 In strains delicious as the voice of Spring ;
 Those parted portals whence such music steals,
 Seem painted with a rose-bud steep'd in dew ;
 Her small teeth gleam like radiant, purest pearls,
 Between twin crimson rose-leaves, sweetly wreathe'd ;
 Caressing ringlets cluster round her neck,
 And kiss it for its graceful symmetry.
 She teems with beauty, as the sun with light ;
 Fair Innocence upon her placid brow
 Beams like the moon-light on a lily pale,
 And gladness flows throughout her guileless heart
 Like a stream gliding through a verdant vale.
 Oh, she is pure and fair as a young rose
 Just bursting from its bud to greet the day !
 Where'er she moves there shines a path of light,
 For Happiness ne'er leaves her fav'rite child.

HOPE.

'Tis the solemn hour of midnight,
 And the world lies hush'd in sleep ;
 But I sit in my lonely chamber—
 I sit all alone and weep.

My heart is laden with sorrow,
 And my life is overcast,—
 For the cloud-robed spectral Present
 Points to the sunny Past.

I hear Life's measured footsteps
 Resound through the halls of Time,
 Unrestingly marching onward
 To the mystic spirit-clime ;

So my sad heart's heavy throbings
 Bring me nearer to the grave,
 Like a vessel hurried homeward
 By an ever-restless wave.

The starry eyes of the angels
 Through the cloudless canopy gleam,
 In a ceaseless sentinel watch,
 While I muse in a sleepless dream.

As their holy light is falling,
 Falling all silently,
 A repose steals o'er my spirit,
 Like a calm o'er a troubled sea :

For they solemnly symbol a home above,
 Where sorrow is never known ;
 Where the deathless King of a deathless clime
 Sits on the "great white throne."

Though my soul with Despair be clouded,
 Yet the star of Hope doth beam,
 And its glance on my heart descends,
 Like light on a shaded stream.

And my worn and weary spirit
 Gains vigour and strength again,
 Like a fading, dying flower
 Refresh'd by the gentle rain.

Oh, in sunshine or in shadow,
 To Thee, the Only One,
 May my trusting heart ever whisper,—
 "My Lord, Thy will be done!"

THE BEAUTIFUL BANKS OF THE WINDING WYE.

THERE are climes where bright birds, of rainbow-hued wings,
 Soar gaily o'er gardens of myrtle and flowers ;
 Where Beauty profusely her rich treasure flings,
 And Eden seems smiling 'mid blossoming bowers :
 But England has scenes far more precious to me,
 Than the fairest that glow beneath Italy's sky ;
 Till Life's river be merged in Eternity's sea,
 Will I think of the banks of the clear winding Wye.

The loveliest flowers bend gracefully there,
 As the balmy breeze whisp'ringly wanders along ;
 Diffusing fresh odours that scent the soft air,
 While the glad stream flows singing its musical song.
 Fair garden of England ! bright gem of our Isle !
 Like a glory-lit star in the infinite sky ;
 Oh, sunny as Summer and sweet as her smile
 Are the beautiful banks of the calm winding Wye.

Green valleys besprinkled with Spring's fairest flowers,
 O'ershadow'd with branches that lovingly twine,
 Illumined with sunbeams that glance through the bowers,
 And over the woodland-paths tremblingly shine.
 The rip'ling rill slowly meanders away,
 And flow'r-kissing zephyrs steal wooingly by ;
 While the lark is out-pouring his jubilant lay,
 As he soars o'er the banks of the bright winding Wye.

Oh, these scenes of the West shall ne'er be forgot,
 Whatever my fate, or wherever I roam ;
 For still will I think of each beautiful spot,
 And there will my memory image its home.
 And as my heart trembles with blended emotion,
 I turn with regret, and depart with a sigh ;
 But roving o'er land, or sailing o'er ocean,
 I'll remember the banks of the fair winding Wye.

A SUMMER EVENING.

THE sky is dappled o'er with snowy clouds,
 Whose virgin loveliness like foam appears
 Floating afar upon an azure sea.
 I gaze and think till thought itself seems lost,
 And my thrill'd soul in admiration's drown'd ;—
 I gaze until mine outward eyes grow dim,

And inward vision dazzled dies away.
 Oh God! how glorious are all Thy works,—
 How wonderfully grand, and yet how fair;
 Rare combination, yet by Thee combined,
 For nothing is impossible to Thee.

This lovely summer eve seems dropp'd from heaven,
 It is so sweetly beautiful. 'The breeze
 Is silent, slumb'ring with the folded flowers;
 The lilyed lake is still as childhood's sleep,
 Calm as the sunset sky its face reflects;
 Nature hath hush'd the music of her voice,
 Whose gentle tones have softly died away,
 Like the last notes of an Æolian harp.
 Breathless as marble, lo! she humbly stands
 Absorb'd in holy adoration, mute,
 Her bright eyes solemnised, and her rich lips
 Parted in wonderment, whilst her full heart
 Throbs with deep solemn awe incessantly.

THE GEM.

A DROP fell from the fountain,
 And kiss'd a weeping rose,
 While brightly o'er the mountain
 The silv'ry moon arose.

She shone upon the flower,
 And a resplendent gem
 Glisten'd in that sweet bower,
 Meet for a diadem.

THE DEATH OF ISABEL.

IT was night—chaste, beautiful night! Magnificently arrayed in all her loveliness, she reigned in silence o'er a silent world, spangling the boundless blue with innumerable gems of silver light, which beamed like the eyes of angel-sentinels keeping an untiring watch over a slumbering world. All above, beneath, around, was so sublimely solemn, so grandly beautiful, it seemed the reflection of a fairer, happier home than ours—a lingering shadow of the Paradiso our parents lost, or a foreshadowing of that blissful Heaven all wish to gain. All was silent as death, except those sounds which are sweeter than silence, and to which silence—in its vast unbroken intensity too awfully monotonous—lends the charm that

the dark shading of a picture produces on its brighter colours. The nightingale sang his plaintive melody among the blossoming roses : below the breeze conversed in soft whispers with the trembling leaves, as the dew-drops trickled from their delicate tracery ; and the pellucid rivulet rippled onwards, toying with the quivering moonbeams as it passed.

On many a beautiful spot those gentle moonbeams shone that lovely summer night. They shone on parterres of flowers of variegated hues, purple and white, crimson, gold, and blue, with the glorious colours of the rainbow brightly commingled : and Flora's precious treasures appeared still more beautiful, bathing in the translucent light of the argentine beams of the moon. Where the meandering waters murmured a mingling melody to the star-crowned night—where clustering roses bloomed in the richest profusion, white as the mountain's snow, or of the deep rich hues of a summer sunset ; oh, there pale Cynthia's rays in beauty fell, and brightened all they smiled upon. On sleepless eyes and tear-bedewed cheeks,—on happy forms, dreaming sweet dreams, those moonbeams shone ; on the fevered brow of the pale student as he pursued his midnight toil—on the fair brow of slumbering youth, unruffled by a single care—on the palace and the eot, those moonbeams shone ; on the votaries of pleasure, and the pallid faee of want—on the peopled city, and the quiet hamlet, those moonbeams shone ; on the calm sleep of fairy innocenee, the placid features of thoughtless, sweetly-resting childhood, and on the broken slumber of writhing guilt, those moonbeams shone ; on the easy postures of reeumbent health, and the restless contortions of wan disease, those moonbeams shone ; on the rolling ocean, the flowing stream, and the rippling rill, they calmly gazed and were pictured again to the view : through the wide-spreading branches of the majestic old oaks surrounding a noble mansion—through the Gothic windows they silently stole, and solemnly gazed on the beautiful countenance of the dying.

Oh for the power to portray the exquisite loveliness of that fair form on which those moonbeams shone ! Beautiful, indeed, are the scenes which the fervid imagination of the poet beholds in the golden realms of faney ;—glorious are the noble portraits that glow upon the eloquent canvass ;—lovelier than thought are the sweet visions of the silent night : but if all the embodiments of beauty were gracefully blended in one form, it could not equal her, who seemed more like a seraph from the eternal mansions, than a being of mortal mould. As purely white as newly-fallen snow was that angelic brow ; and as the luminous beams of night fell upon it,

she appeared already one of the blissful throng—that multitude whom no man can number, who people the sides of the everlasting hills, and adorn the banks of the river of life. Upon those fair cheeks clustered the golden ringlets, and, like radiant sunbeams, the rich silken tresses rippled o'er her swan-like neck, and seemed to caress its faultless symmetry. As deeply blue as the azure vault on high were those radiant orbs, veiled by the long, finely-curved eyelashes. The lips, now violet-tinged, were slightly parted, revealing twin rows of small pearly teeth, gleaming like jewels in their velvet setting. Oh, she was truly beautiful! and surely those moonbeams had never gazed upon such loveliness.

But she was dying—that lovely one was dying! Her graceful form was soon to be clasped in the chill embrace of death;—those soul-thrilling eyes were shortly to be closed in their long, last sleep;—the sweet music of that voice would be for ever silent;—the fond, faithful heart would cease to throb. She was dying!—the idol of my soul was dying!

I knelt beside her bed, my hand in hers, gazing in awful agony upon those beloved features, so ineffably dear to me, but speedily to be for ever hidden from my adoring eyes by the voiceless tomb. She had just awakened from a long slumber; and while the body slept, death had more firmly fixed his grasp upon his prey: I felt his cold shadow in the chamber, and my blood froze at my heart. Then I knew with what boundless affection—with what deep, fathomless devotion I loved her;—she was my all—the star of my existence—the only light, the only joy, the only hope, I had on earth! And she was to be torn from me, to be consigned to the dark, deep, solemn abode of death! At that agonizing thought, the fountain of my anguish overflowed, and the burning tears rolled down my pale cheeks.

Memory's retrospective vision was fixed upon the past, and pictured again those scenes that were now doubly dear. In fancy's gaze I beheld her once more in healthful vigour;—a scene was unfolded to my view which will never be erased from my thoughts. It is a calm summer night, and we are roaming together through the romantic gardens attached to that ancient Hall. Her brilliant eyes are bent now upon the moonlit flowers at her feet, and now upturned to the star-studded sky; whilst I am gazing, in mute admiration, upon her seraphic countenance, illumined by the soft beams of the gentle queen of night. And now her loving glance answers mine, and a sweet smile flits like a sunbeam over her lovely face as I imprint a holy kiss upon her ruby lips. That hour, that scene, will never be obliterated from the records of my heart, but will remain indelibly stamped there by the pen of sorrow.

There she lay now, the wasted shadow of the beautiful being she once was ; but, like the ruin of some stately palace, inspiring mournful admiration. Her eyes shone with a lustrous brightness ;—but it was the brightness of approaching dissolution—the unmistakeable herald of decay. Her slender lips moved, and feebly uttered my name ;—sadly she looked in my face, and sighed ; and at that heart-rending sigh my tears flowed faster.

“Do not weep for me,” she sorrowfully murmured, as she beheld the tears rolling down my cheeks.

“*Not weep for thee !*” I replied, between my sobs ;—“not weep for thee, my beloved one ! when thou wilt soon be for ever parted from me ;—all that is dear to me taken from me ! Not weep for thee ! when I shall be deprived of the bliss of fondly gazing into thine eyes, and attempting to tell thee how I love thee ! I will weep for thee till death lays me by thy side.”

Warm tears bedewed her pallid cheeks, and as I gently kissed them away, she faintly whispered, “I am dying ;—a few short moments, and my spirit will have winged its flight. Yes ; I must leave thee ; thou wilt no more behold the one thou hast loved so well—upon whom thou hast lavished all thy affection. Oh, it is sad, very sad to part !—but I am going to a better, a happier land, where sorrow can never enter —where death is unknown. Promise me, oh, promise me that thou wilt strive to meet me there,—never more to be parted. Farewell ! In death I love thee,—farewell !”

Her voice died gently away ; and, with her arms around my neck, she breathed a long, last sigh, and expired. For a while I thought she slept. Ah, yes ! it was a sleep—but the solemn sleep of death. Dead ! I could scarcely trust my senses ! Could such a form of living, breathing, incomparable beauty have changed, thus instantly, into cold, lifeless clay ? I pressed my lips to hers,—but the faint breath had ceased to emanate. I laid my hand upon her heart,—but it was still. Then, alas ! in that never-to-be-forgotten moment of deepest anguish, I knew too well that I was alone upon earth. I shrieked in my agony ; and, exclaiming, “Would to God I, too, could die !” I sank senseless by her side.

When consciousness returned, the sun was streaming through the crimson roses that girt the antique window, casting a blushing hue upon the white drapery, and upon the marble face of death ! Oh, she was sadly, sweetly beautiful, even in the icy arms of the stern king of terrors ! I gazed till I could gaze no longer, for reason seemed about to abdicate its throne ; and imprinting a lingering, farewell

kiss upon her bloodless lips, I slowly descended to the park,
that the refreshing breezes might fan my fevered brow.

* * * * *

Where a deep-red weeping rose
O'er a marble tablet grows,
There, in her last, long repose,
Sleeps my lovely Isabel.

Where pale Silence holds her breath,
Till the hush'd wind whispereth
To the solemn shade of Death,
Sleeps my lovely Isabel.

Where the priest-like cypress-tree
Waves its dark robes mournfully,
Sighing a sad monody,
Sleeps my lovely Isabel,

Where veil'd Nature's tear-drops fall
From the sky's funereal pall
In a sombre shower o'er all,
Sleeps my lovely Isabel.

Where the sunbeams gently shine,
And belovèd roses twine
With the od'rous eglantine,
Sleeps my lovely Isabel.

Where the woodbine's balmy breath
Sweetens e'en the home of death,
And the bent grass quivereth,
Sleeps my lovely Isabel.

O'er her bloom the fairest flowers,
O'er her fall the softest showers,
In the Spring and Summer hours,
O'er my lovely Isabel.

All my hopes, which death has shatter'd,
With which fancy oft was flatter'd,
Now with Autumnn's leaves lie scatter'd
O'er my lovely Isabel.

There my happiness lies dead,
There my grief is ever fed,
There my bitter tears are shed,
O'er my lovely Isabel.

But the violet's sweet perfume,
 Springing out of Winter's gloom,
 Symbols life beyond the tomb,—
 Life with lovely Isabel.

'Tis but earth on earth that lies ;
 In the land where love ne'er dies,
 Far beyond the blue-draped skies,
Lives the soul of Isabel.

CHRISTMAS-DAY, 1855.

OH, merry old Christmas has come again,
 Bedeek'd with holly and bay ;
 And his welcome face, with its cheering smile,
 Gleams brightly 'mid winter's decay;

And friend greets friend with a cordial grasp—
 Dear friends, whom the waves of Time
 Have sever'd for many and many a day,
 In many a distant clime ;

And a joy-flush glows on each fair one's face,
 And bright eyes glisten with glee,
 While cheerful words gush forth from the lips,
 For the heart is light and free.

But I feel no pressure of the hand,
 I hear no friendly voice,
 And I see no welcome, smiling face,
 To make *my* heart rejoice ;

And my lone heart lonelier feels to-day,
 As I sit in moody thought ;
 For Christmas again will have pass'd me by,
 And not e'en one greeting brought.

I gaze around on my much-loved books—
 Firm friends, select and few—
 My only friends, who speak to my soul
 In language for ever true.

I am floating away on Memory's wing
 Down the vista of the past,
 And by-gone years are raised from their tombs
 By a spell she has o'er them cast ;

And they wake their children from their sleep,—
 The months, the days, and the hours,—
 And some are bright as the Summer's light,
 Some sad as the Autumn's showers ;

And each unfolds a scene to my view,
 As on them I mournfully look,
 As if I were turning over the leaves
 Of a well-remember'd book.

But they fade like a dream all dimly away,
 As slowly I journey along ;
 While others arise from their misty tombs,
 In a ghost-like, shadowy throng ;

And they picture visions of sun and shade,
 That fill me with joy and woe,
 Like the chalice pleasure holds to the lips,
 Where sweets and bitters flow.

And still, as I onward wend my way,
 From my yearning gaze they flee,
 Like his native cliffs from an exile's view,
 As he's hurried away o'er the sea.

But Memory pauses in her flight,
 And I look with ling'ring heart
 On a dear old place where early friends
 Play'd a brief but happy part.

I'm far away from the peopled town,
 In a noble, ancient Hall,
 And gaze through the antique lattice-panes
 On the snow-flakes as they fall.

They gently fall on the village church,
 And robe the ivied tower
 In a mantle pure and beautiful
 As Spring's first, fairest flower.

They fall upon the sloping lawn,
 Where the holly berries glow,
 And the crimson gems look lovelier still
 In contrast with the snow.

The sharp winds breathe on the evergreens,
 Till they tremble in the cold,—
 And now in a garment soft and light
 Their shining leaves enfold.

And still the silent and spotless snow
 Desceends in crystals white,
 Till the stony griffins at the gates
 Are shronded from my sight.

I turn from without, and gaze within,
 Where all is warm and bright,
 And dear and lovely faces glow
 In the yule-log's ruddy light;

And the fire-light fitfully seems to smile
 On the fine old portraits there,
 Where holly and ivy lovingly twine
 Round features noble and fair.

And the joyful chime of the tuneful bells
 From the old church-tower rings out
 With a Christmas peal right merrily,
 Like a lond and jubilant shout.

And sweet smiles answer my cheerful glance,
 And kind words greet my ear,
 Utter'd by loved ones dear to me,
 And to whom I too am dear.

But I suddenly start from my waking dream,
 And gaze round my lonely room,
 And my sorrowful spirit broods over the past
 As I sit in the twilight gloom.

WEEP NOT.

WEEP not for thy loved one whose form lies at rest,
 For the spirit now roams in the realms of the blest ;
 Thy tears may fast fall, and thy heart heave with sighs,
 But they cannot recall the freed soul from the skies ;
 Then, weep not—oh, mourn not !—thy lost one's above,
 In a beautiful land of glory and love.

I know it is bitter from loved ones to part,
 Who are dearer than life to the fond, faithful heart ;
 To watch the last glance faintly beam from the eye,
 To hear the last whisper grow weaker, and die,
 Though angels are wafting the spirit above,
 To a beautiful land of glory and love ;—

Through a dim veil of tears the pale features to view,
 And mournfully murmur a long, last adieu ;
 To feel that the sad heart must sorrow alone,
 And yearn to be join'd to the blest spirit flown ;—
 But that mortal is now an immortal above,
 In a beautiful land of glory and love.

Though on earth the loved tones of that dear voice are o'er,
 Yet the sweet strains are heard on a happier shore,
 Where bright waving wings through the unfading bow'rs,
 Fan the fragrance that floats from the amaranth flow'rs ;
 Whilst the music of angels is thrilling each grove,
 In that beautiful land of glory and love.

Thy lost one, made perfect, is join'd to that throng
 Who pour to the Highest their thanksgiving song ;
 Borne away from a world full of sorrow and care,
 A radiant region with seraphs to share—
 Exchanging sad earth for the glad home above,
 The beautiful land of glory and love.

Oh ! there may ye meet, where no partings are known,
 And hymn your loud praise to the One on the throne !
 To God, your Creator, Redeemer, and King,
 Melodious lays through eternity sing !
 Then, weep not—oh, mourn not !—thy lost one's above,
 In a beautiful land of glory and love.

IT IS THE HOUR.

IT is the hour, but still his barque
 Floats not upon the stream ;
 The sun hath set, the sky grows dark,
 The day fades like a dream.

Oh hasten to your Laura's bower,
 Ere night hath spread around
 It's solemn shade o'er tree and flower,
 And hush'd each gentle sound.

The moonlight quivers on the stream ;
 The stars illume the sky ;
 The roses sleep in Cynthia's beam,
 Heedless of Zephyr's sigh ;—

Yet still no sound steals o'er the lake,
 Save Philomel's sad song ;—
 But hark ! his boat for Laura's sake,
 Now gaily glides along.

THE OCEAN AND THE SHORE.

THE restless ocean murmurs to the shore
 His boastful song of mighty deeds perform'd ;
 He folds her in his tremulous embrace,
 And proudly brings his mingled trophies forth,
 As if he thus would win her smiles and love.
 She heedeth not his wooing words or gifts,
 But spurns him from her presence with disdain :
 Now foams he, fierce with rage, and greedily
 Withdraws his proffer'd treasures from her feet,
 And sweeps away with them to other shores.

THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE.

LIKE flow'rets broken in their op'ning bloom
 Are youthful warriors in their early tomb ;
 But like the perfume broken blossoms shed
 Is Glory's fragrance floating o'er the dead :
 For deeds of heroes wreath around each name
 A fadeless garland ever fresh with fame.

SPRING.

SHE comes!—her eyes are twin forget-me-nots;
 Her lips red rose-buds, sweet with honey-dew;
 Her teeth pale lily-bells; her blushing cheeks
 Fair snowy roses, by carnations kiss'd;
 Her brow a rich nareissus, purely white;
 Her breath a wedded zephyr and a sweet,
 Her voice all melody, her look all love.

FAME.

IF thou hast won a great and noble name,
 And Fame hath wreathed her garlands round thy brows,
 And with her sunny smiles now greets thy way,
 Rewarding thee for tedious years of toil,—
 Oh keep her laurels ever fresh and fair
 By actions worthy of thy efforts past,—
 Thy mind unsullied as a mountain-lake,
 Reflecting mirror-like her glorious light.

LINES WITH A WREATH OF WILD FLOWERS.

I HAVE roam'd far away this bright sunny day,
 And gather'd for thee fair flow'rs,
 Where the clear streams leap in their channels deep,
 And dance through the jubilant hours.

In the violet vale, where soft zephyrs sail,
 And the pure pale lilics unclose;
 Where melody floats in the warblers' notes
 O'er the blushing and white wild rose.

Where the woodbines bloom, and pour their perfume,
 And the rill sings its rippling song;
 Where the bonnie blue-bell and the primrose dwell,
 And the busy bee buzzes along.

The fairest of flow'rs I have eull'd from their bow'rs,
 And twined in a chaplet for thee;
 Through life's coming hours, in sunshine or show'rs,
 Oh! let them remind thee of me.

BY A ROSE-WREATHED HARP.

By a rose-wreathed harp a lady sits,
And wakens its golden strings ;
While a moonbeam o'er her pale face flits,
As with sorrowful voice she sings.

The heart's pure pearls illumine her eyes,—
Twin violets fringed with rain ;
And sad as a cloud-robed ev'ning's sighs
Is her melancholy strain.

Her rich voice quivereth like the leaves
That tremble 'neath Autumn's breath ;
And all alone she gloomily grieves
While the night-wind whispereth.

The bright stars glance from their homes divine,
And gaze in her tearful eyes ;
While the gems that o'er her dark robe shine,
Are heaved by her bosom's sighs.

From her pale, pale lips a requiem floats
Like moans from a cypress-tree ;
And the chords vibrate with answering notes,
In quivering sympathy :—

“ Farewell, farewell, my belovèd one !
Thou hast nobly, bravely died ;
High is the fame our Land has won,
With Victory glorified.

“ But mingling in her exultant strain,
There are wailings wide and deep,
Long, loud laments for her brave sons slain,
Who far from her free shores sleep.

“ Through my Grief-pierced heart gush Sorrow's streams,
And my Happiness lies drown'd :
For ever fled are the dazzling dreams
Hope's golden-hued light had crown'd.”

Her sad voice ceases its broken lay,
And she droops her lovely head ;—
As the harp's last murmur dies away,
Her bosom's last sigh is shed.

THE BEAUTIFUL ISLE IN THE CRYSTALLINE LAKE.

THE beautiful Isle, with its trees and fair flowers,
 And blossoming carpet eternally green,
 Its picturesque grottoes and musical bowers,
 Seems ever to me like some fairy-trod scene.
 When the bright beams of morning glance over my face,
 And from rainbow-wreathed visions I suddenly wake,
 From my rose-mantled lattice each sweet scene I trace,
 Of the beautiful isle in the crystalline lake.

When the sunset is shedding its crimsoning light,
 And valley, and mountain, and castle, and stream
 Are arrayed in its lustre transcendently bright,
 And glow in the glance of each glorious gleam ;
 While the dying day blushingly breathes a farewell,
 As its smiles the old ivy-clad abbey forsake,
 I sail from the silent and flower-fraught dell
 To the beautiful isle in the crystalline lake.

When the shadowy twilight succeeds the bright day,
 Mute, pensive, and solemn, yet dear to my view ;
 When the flowers droop gently in sadden'd array,
 And weep that the sunbeams should bid them adieu,
 While the ev'ning-star shines in the dark'ning dome,
 Alone in its beauty, the first to awake ;
 With an awe-inspired spirit, I ling'ringly roam
 O'er the beautiful isle in the crystalline lake.

When the sky-crowning stars of magnificent night,
 Like silvery jewels strewn o'er the deep blue,
 Bespangle the vast vault with circles of light,
 And Cynthia, their pale queen, uprises to view ;
 As her soft, lucent beams o'er the clear waters float,
 With a smile and a sigh the sweet spot I forsake,
 And o'er slumbering lilies return in my boat
 From the beautiful isle in the crystalline lake.

THE SONG OF THE STREAM OF LIFE.

“ STREAM of Life, where art thou flowing ?
 Whither wendest thou thy way ?
 Why, oh why, so swiftly rolling,
 Pausing not by night or day ?

“ Moments, lightning-like flash by me,
 In an unremitting throng,
 Borne like bubbles on thy bosom,—
 Fragments that to time belong.

“ Hours and days and years are gliding
 In a quick succession by ;
 Now they fill my soul with gladness,
 And anon wake sorrow’s sigh.

“ On thy banks are shells and pebbles,
 Gems of bright and varied hue ;
 Landmarks of our brief existence,
 Fading quickly from the view.

“ Stream of life, oh stay thy current !
 Let me grasp them ere they’re past,
 And engrave upon their tablets
 Thoughts that shall for ages last.

“ Fain would I inscribe upon them
 Truths too glorious to die ;—
 Leave them there in star-like splendour,
 Wreathed with immortality.—

“ So that unborn generations,
 Of Futurity a part,
 May peruse what has been written,
 To support the sinking heart.

“ Profiting, may use their moments,
 And not idly flow along,
 Only gazing at the current,
 Only list’ning to its song.

“ Stream of Life, where art thou flowing ?
 Whither art thou hurrying me ?
 Tell me, what mysterious region .
 Shall my wond’ring vision see ?

“ Is it one eternal summer,
 Is the sky for ever blue,
 In that undiscover’d country
 That shall meet my longing view ?

“ Is the sun for ever shining
 Upon fair and fadeless flow’rs ?

Silv'ry streamlets gently gliding
By the ever-vocal bow'rs ?

“Are the breezes soft and balmy ?
Are its valleys aye in bloom ?
Oh will amaranthine blossoms
Ever breathe their rich perfume ?

“And do Happiness and Beauty
Roam together, hand in hand ?
Oh, are Death, and Sin, and Sorrow
All unknown in that bright land ?”

Thus the Stream, with solemn whisper,
Murmurs its response to me :—
“I am flowing to the ocean
Known as vast Eternity.

“But, ere thou canst reach that ocean,
Thou must pass through Death's dark stream ;
At its yawning brink we sever,
Yet despair not, Hope will beam ;—

“Like a golden star of beauty
Pierce the cloud-enveloped sky ;
Whilst fair Faith, her sister-spirit,
Smiles to greet thy gladden'd eye,—

“With unfolded droopless pinions,
And her arms around thee cast,
Whispers sweetest words of solace
Till the stormy waves be past.”

“Stream of Life, oh what awaits me
When Death's gloomy wave is cross'd,
And my soul, in awe and wonder,
On Eternity is toss'd ?”

“Search the Book of Inspiration,
It will truly answer thee ;
To its dictates ever listen,
And thy path then plainly see.

“Live as if to-morrow rising,
Would behold thy soul-freed form ;
Live for Heav'n's eternal haven,
After Life's tumultuous storm.

“Thou wilt find me brief and fleeting,
 For to vast Eternity
 Life is but a bursting bubble
 On a soundless, shoreless sea.

“Wisely, then, employ each moment;
 Be not lost amid the throng ;
HIGHER STILL be aye thy motto,
 Truth and Hope pervade thy song.

“Soar aloft on eagle pinions ;
 Scale the heights, the deep depths sound ;
 Search with eager soul and longing
 Till thou hast true Wisdom found.

“If endow’d by God with talents,
 Waste them not, they’re only lent ;
 And thy soul must render answer
 How those talents have been spent.

“While I speak, and thou art list’ning,
 Still I’m bearing thee along ;
 And the throbings of thy bosom,
 And the murmurs of my song

“Still are less’ning, ever less’ning :
 Snatch the moments as they fly ;
 Wisely write, for Truth will flourish
 Like the stars in yonder sky.

“O'er the wakeless Past lament not ;
 Seize the Present, it is thine ;
 Yearn not for the secret Future,
 Wait not for its light to shine.

“Work with sanction high and holy ;
 Keep the great award in view :
 Let thy purpose be exalted,
 And thy actions strong and true.

“Live not for thyself, O mortal !
 Do an angel’s work on earth ;
 Ever scatter words of kindness,
 Seeds that bring sweet joy to birth.

“Words of truth, when kindly spoken,
 Are far richer than fine gold,

Brighter than the pearls of ocean
Dearer than a love untold.

“Earth is full of sin and sorrow,
And her sabbings never cease ;
Since the shadow fell on Eden,
Man’s deep cry hath been for peace.

“Happiness is ne’er abiding :
’Mid the flow’rs that strew thy way
Piercing thorns are intermingled,
As with blossoms of the May.

“Chase the shadow from some pathway,
Pluck the sharp thorns from the flowers,
And a blessing shall attend thee,
And true glory gild thine hours.

“Heav’n will shine with smiles upon thee,
And thy deeds of love shall glow
On imperishable tablets,
Whiter than unsullied snow.

“And when thou art call’d to judgment,
’Mid the scenes with glories rife,
May’st thou find thy name is written
In the unseal’d Book of Life.

“Of this mystic song the lesson
Heed, and be for ever blest :
Fill thy Time with godly action ;
Wait Eternity for rest.”

BEAUTIFUL ROSES.

BEAUTIFUL roses, sweet summer roses,
Upon you the moonlight in slumber reposes,
Illuming your tears till they glisten like gems
That gracefully glitter in grand diadems ;
While Zephyrus wooingly breathes a soft sigh,
And the light-shedding stars, the flow’rs of the sky,
Beam on each bud that in splendour uncloses—
Beautiful roses, sweet summer roses !

The nightingale loves you, and warbles a lay ;
While the fountain’s low music floats faintly away,

And the lucent drops lustrously rise in the air,
 Then fall in a starry-wreathed coronal fair,
 And tremble like tears upon cheeks bright with bloom ;
 And the pure pearls are steep'd in delicious perfume,
 As each hyaline orb on your flush'd leaves reposes,—
 Beautiful roses, sweet summer roses !

Ye are lovely and bright in the sun's golden gaze,
 And lovely and fair in the moon's silver rays ;
 Lovely and sweet when the musical shower
 With a crystalline crown encircles each flower,—
 When your ruby lips open and sip the rich rain,
 As the balmy breeze murmurs its amorous strain,
 And with whispering kisses each leaflet uncloses,—
 Beautiful roses, sweet summer roses !

Like all that is fairest, ye droop, fade, and die,
 And Zephyr laments ye with many a sigh ;
 But your fragrance survives, though the freshness is dead ;
 And your soft leaves are prized, tho' your young life hath fled ;
 For fondly ye're gather'd with maidenhood's sighs,
 And press'd to the lips, while the lustre-fill'd eyes
 Beam bright with a tear that in glory reposes,—
 Beautiful roses, sweet summer roses !

Preserved 'tween the leaves of some dearly-loved book,
 Oh, oft are ye blest with a sweet smiling look :
 And oft are ye bathed with the sad heart's warm tears,
 As Memory pictures the scenes of past years ;
 Oh, then ye were blooming, and rich odours shed,
 But now ye lie wither'd like hopes that are dead.
 What scenes ye portray, as each fair leaf uncloses,—
 Beautiful roses, sweet summer roses !

TO ——.

CLARISSA dear, my well-beloved one,
 The only star that gems my firmament,—
 My all on earth,—the one sweet lovely flower
 That beautifies the garden of my life,—
 My faithful heart o'erflows with love for thee ;
 My life is one unchanging dream of thee ;
 Where'er I turn I see thy angel-face—
 Alas ! I see it but in fancy's view !

And when kind slumber folds me in her arms,
 Stilling the restless tumult of my breast,
 Still, still I dream of thee—and wake to weep.
 I know that I am nothing unto thee,
 Yet thou art more than all the world to me :
 In happiness and woe, in life and death,
 Unchangeable my love will e'er remain.
 Although my heart is breaking with its grief,
 Its spirit-weighing load of agony,
 I still will love thee,—though that love be crown'd
 With the unbroken sleep of solemn death.
 Clarissa, dear Clarissa, can it be
 That thou hast quite forgot those blissful hours,
 When soul held converse with familiar soul,
 When heart to heart responded, and thy lips—
 Breathed, like to fragrant flow'rs, thy inmost thoughts ?
 Methinks I see thee now as thou wert then,
 Thy bright eyes beaming on my smiling face,
 Thy warm hand fondly clasp'd within my own,
 Whilst, trembling with my love, I gazed on thee.
 Will those sweet moments never more return ?
 Oh, am I left alone—all, all alone !
 Without thee earth is a wild barren waste—
 A moonless, starless, cloud-robed wintry night ;
 But with thee earth would be a paradise.
 By the unutterable agony
 That fills my tortured soul, and by the tears,
 The sorrow-laden tears, that dim mine eyes,
 Let me once more behold thy lovely face—
 But once more hear the music of thy voice—
 But once more feel the pressure of thy hand,
 E'en if my spirit were to wing its flight,
 O'er-fill'd with gladness, to the unseen world !
 Throw off the sombre veil that shrouds my soul,
 Uplift the heavy burden from my heart,
 Ere the last quiv'ring chord be snapp'd in twain !

LADY ! I THINK OF THEE.

I THINK of thee when morning beams
 On nature's lovely face,
 And its bright smiles from woods and streams
 The shades of darkness chase.
 When the lark heav'nward wings his flight,
 With gushing melody
 Sweet'ning his path of golden light,
 Lady ! I think of thee.

I think of thee at sunset's hour,
 When many a crimson ray
 Streams through the roses'-flushing bow'r,
 Where sparkling fountains play.
 When day's orb, gazing an adieu,
 Streaks river, land, and sea,
 With sheen of gold and roseate hue,
 Lady ! I think of thee.

I think of thee when yon blue sky
 Is gemm'd with diamonds bright ;
 When moon and stars resplendently
 Show'r lustre o'er the night.
 While pearl-wreathed flowers, with drooping eyes,
 Their heads hang bashfully
 To wooing Zephyr's plaintive sighs,
 Lady ! I think of thee.

GRIEF.

I'm sitting alone in the twilight,
 And yet not all alone,
 For a shadowy form is with me,
 Who claims me as her own.

And to me she hath long been wedded,
 Although my years are few ;
 And the golden dawn of manhood
 Comes clouded to my view.

And wherever my footsteps wander
 She is gliding by my side ;
 Oh, truly faithful and constant,
 Is my ever-mournful bride !

Her care-worn face is sad and pale
 As the marble face of the dead ;
 Her eyes with bitter tears o'erflow,
 And she ever droops her head.

Her fragile form e'er trembles and bends
 With the anguish of her heart,
 And her bosom heaves with ceaseless sobs,
 That will never more depart.

The name of my mournful bride is GRIEF,
 And I fold her to my breast,
 While her warm tears mingle with my own,
 As her cheek to mine is press'd.

Throughout the day and throughout the night
 She is ever folded there ;
 And I ever feel her bosom's sighs,
 And her sorrows ever share.

THE VASE.

THE vase is perfumed,
 Thongh the sweet roses dead;
 With the exquisite odour
 It sighingly shed.

Oh, gently 'twas gather'd
 From Philomel's bower,
 O'er the gorgeous apartment
 Its fragrancee to shower.

With loveliness beaming,
 It bloom'd for awhile ;
 And surrounded with beauty,
 How could it but smile !

But soon was it drooping,
 And pined for its home,
 A garden where zephyrs
 Refreshingly roam.

As the bright sun was setting
 It breathed its last sigh,
 Then sank in the water
 To wither and die.

But the vase is perfumed,
 Though the sweet rose lies dead;
 With the exquisite odour
 It sighingly shed.

THE SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY.

O Day most calm, most bright,
 The fruit of this, the next world's bud ;
 Th' endorsement of supreme delight
 Writ by a Friend, and with His blood ;
 The couch of Time, Care's balm and bay ;
 The week were dark but for thy light,
 Thy torch doth shew the way.

Geo. Herbert.

CHAPTER I.

THE DAWN OF THE SABBATH.

THE sun has just arisen from his cloud-curtained couch behind the gray hills that skirt the extreme horizon, and his resplendent beams have chased away the shadows of night from the lovely valley of Flowergrove. Lingeringly they departed, as if unwilling to release the fair vale from the cheerless embrace of their gloomy wings. One by one the glowing lamps of night disappear from the brightening sky, their now pallid forms scarcely discernible in the rosy flush of the morn. The joyous lark, "rising from his grassy bed," soars aloft in the pure fresh atmosphere, to pour forth his thrilling lays of welcome to the gorgeous sun : a single speck he appears as he mounts to the dappled sky, sweetening his aerial path with grateful showers of more than terrestrial melody. The cheering beams of the advancing sun unfold the dew-wreathed leaves of the youthful flowers, arousing them from their breeze-rocked slumber, and disclosing the varied and unequalled charms of their awakening beauty. And the sweet flowers as they seem to open their bright eyes to the glad light of day, lovingly smile their blushing thanks to the golden orb for his tender care of them.

It is the fair month of May, and the hawthorn's white virgin blossoms impregnate the breeze with their pure aroma, as it passes over the flourishing fields, communicating a gentle undulating motion to the flowers, which seem like censers exhaling their rich perfume. The golden cowslip, the odiferous violet, the modest primrose, the deep-hued bluebell, with innumerable companions, are shedding their incense to the God of the Sabbath. The blue sky is painted with a few fleecy, motionless clouds, purely white as seraphs' wings, except where crimson-tinged by the rays of the sun. And far beyond those clouds, thousands and tens of thousands of angels, with crowns of glory sparkling on their immortal brows, wing their rapturous flight in the abode of ineffable bliss, tuning their golden harps to everlasting songs of

praise to the Lamb—to Him who died on Calvary's cross that erring man might enjoy eternal life—who trampled on death, and conquering earth's mightiest conqueror, arose from the tomb, and ascended in all His Divine glory to the celestial home that He had left, there continually to plead for our sinful race. Oh, what joy to know that our sins can be washed away in Jesu's blood!—to know that we may mingle with that happy throng!—that the door of salvation is opened through which we may enter the mansions in His Father's kingdom that He has prepared for us! Oh, inexpressible rapture to know that we may wear a glorious crown, be clothed in the garments of immortality, and help to swell the everlasting song of glory, honour, praise, and power to Him who reigneth for ever and ever!

CHAPTER II.

T H E S A B B A T H .

It is the sacred Sabbath-day—the holy day of worship and of rest; rest for the wearied body, worship for the never-dying soul. The labours of the week are over, and man arises with a lighter heart; for to him this is the happiest day of the week; he has not to leave his home for his accustomed toil, and he feels an elevating joy in thinking that throughout this divinely blessed day he will be with his dear wife and children, listen to the beloved tones of his partner's voice, and hear the sweet prattle of their offspring; and better far than all, that they will together repair to the house of God, and join in adoring their Creator. Oh holy day, beloved Sabbath! thy return is ever welcomed with a prayer of thankfulness, and thou findest the homes in which thou enterest smiling a welcome on thy approach. The flowers seem to yield a sweeter perfume in thy presence, and nature to assume her loveliest garb. Thou hushest the voice of labour, causing a deep stillness, a calm serenity, to fill the prayerful earth. There are no discordant sounds to break the sweet quiet that reigns around—nought save Nature's ceaseless voices that fill with gushes of melody the awe-inspiring silence—the buzzing of a bee—the flight of a bird—a warbler's song—the rippling of the rill, the gurgling brook, and the rustling of the leaves;—these are the sounds that are sweeter than utter silence—this is the music that greets thee, oh lovely Sabbath-day! Oh for an angel's harp to sound thy praises! Oh for a seraph's voice to speak thy blessings! The songs of earth are not for thee, but the songs of heaven, that purify the heart from temporal thoughts and fill the soul with spiritual hopes. On God's holy day, who can say how many songs of praise,

and how many prayers of thankfulness and supplication float upward to Jehovah's throne. Were it not for the Sabbath, earth would be without one presage of future, eternal rest; but with it earth becomes a foretaste of heaven, a foreshadowing of that blissful home where it is one unceasing Sabbath. Its reign is universal—o'er the crowded city and the quiet hamlet, the palace and the cot; and monarch and peasant equally honour its approach. The man of business casts aside his worldly cares; the wheels of machinery are still; the busy mart is deserted; for it is the Sabbath-day. Oh come with me into yonder rose-mantled cot, and gaze upon the life-picture within! The father with the large old family Bible on his knees, is reading precious passages from that holy Book;—look at the devout expression of the countenances that are grouped around him, eagerly listening to the truthful words he is so solemnly uttering; and those words of consolation and promise irradiate their hearts with celestial light, until they overflow with love and thankfulness to their Creator. The mother holds the infant in her arms, and his prattle is hushed, while his bright eyes are intently fixed upon his father's face, as if wondering why that silence, and what are the words that his parent's voice is so earnestly pouring forth. If thy life be spared, oh thou immortal mortal who hast just planted thy footsteps upon the threshold of existence, thou too, I hope, wilt read that holy Book, attend to its counsels, and feel, as thy forefathers have felt, the blessings of the Bible and the Sabbath.

CHAPTER III.

THE VALE OF FLOWERPARK.

The vale of Flowerpark appears a paradise on earth, it is so sweetly beautiful. It is surrounded by lofty hills, whose summits tower toward the clouds in their imposing grandeur. Upon those flower-dotted hills numerous herds of cattle browse, indicating the wealth of those that dwell in the old homesteads below. The picturesque farm-houses are almost hidden from the view by the majestic trees with which they are surrounded, and never doth a Sabbath dawn upon a lovelier spot than that quiet hamlet. Each cottager has his garden-plot, and they seem to vie with each other in loveliness and beauty; all the varied flowers of the Spring blossom there, and perfume the breezes that roam through that Elysian scene. Through the vale a silvery rivulet pours its ceaseless ripples, that joyously blend in delightful unison; and on either side lofty elm-trees spread forth to each other their mighty branches, forming a leafy canopy among whose boughs

the song-birds carol their lays, and make the smiling valley ring with melody. The sunbeams brightly glance through the quivering leaves, and play upon the sparkling rivulet, whose banks are fringed with flowers. The distant tinkle of the sheep-bell floats upon the air, like a strain of music to those happy dwellings, whence the villagers in groups are issuing. Childhood, youth, manhood, and old age are wending their way to the village church. There is the child of few years, whose little hand is clasped in that of the sire's, who is gazing with a parent's fondness upon the upturned sunny face. There is the youth, escorting the maiden to the house of prayer, and very happy are they in each other's society. There are the father and mother, smilingly watching their children wandering over the same spots where they wandered many years since, when they, too, were just starting upon the voyage of life, and saw not the foreshadowings of the storms that at times cloud every one's existence. The aged slowly totter along, supported by their grandchildren, feeling a grateful joy that they are still able to go and listen to the familiar voice of their beloved pastor. And thus, blending in one happy stream, conversing upon holy things, and filled with holy thoughts, they enter the village churchyard.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHURCHYARD.

They enter, the solemn receptacle of the dead, where

“Each in his narrow eell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.”

Around them lie the graves of many dear departed friends ; the infant torn from its mother's bosom by the relentless hand of death, and laid within the cold ground ; the husband and wife, the sister and brother, weepingly separated—one to go through the “dark valley of the shadow of death,” the other left behind to mourn for their departure ; lovers torn asunder—and who can describe the anguish of the heart when the one on whom all the affections are placed lies an inanimate mass of clay before the view, the tongue's sweet music for ever hushed, the eyes' bright light for ever quenched, and the faithful heart, that beat with such deep, warm love for us, cold and still at the icy touch of death ? To know that we may never more hear the thrilling tones of that welcome voice, and never more feel the fond pressure of the hand ; to see the loved one enclosed from our weeping gaze, and borne in tearful silence to the greedy grave ; and there hear the sadly solemn and beautiful words pronounced, “Earth to earth,

ashes to ashes, dust to dust," and behold the object of our affection hidden for ever from our weeping eyes ;—oh, scene of inexpressible anguish ! Life suddenly becomes devoid of every charm ; a sombre shadow darkens all the sunshine, and we wish that we too could die, and be laid by the side of the one we have loved so well. But it is the clay alone that rests in the sod—the spirit hath returned unto God who gave it : and while we are bewailing the lost one's departure, it may be that that happy spirit is joining in the harmonies of heaven. Oh, wish not a spirit back again, when you know that it quitted earth in the full assurance of a supremely happy life hereafter ! Oh, regret not its flight from this vale of tears, for it is gone to a home where sorrow can never enter, and where all tears are wiped away from the glory-brightened eyes ! Live thy allotted time on earth—live so that when *thy* body goeth down into the tomb, thy spirit may meet the one that is gone before, and be its blissful companion in a land where partings are unknown.

As the villagers wander over the paths of the quiet church-yard, those grassy hillocks cause many a sigh to be heaved, and many a tear-drop glitters in the eyes of that company. Has yonder hoary-headed old man lost his partner, and is that her grave over which he is bending, and upon which a teardrop falls ? Oh, dry thy tears thou aged weeper ! thou hast lived more than man's allotted years upon earth, and, perchance before many more suns shall have set behind yonder hills, thou wilt meet thy loved ones in that land whither thy thoughts so often wander. On that small hillock, where the grass has scarcely covered the newly-raised mound, a young mother gazes with a mournful countenance through fast-falling tears : beneath that heap of earth her first-born slumbers : he sleeps the icy sleep of death—his childish prattle for ever hushed, and his sparkling eyes finally closed : but his young spirit hath returned to his Creator. Then why, oh ! why art thou disconsolate, thou mourning parent ? Happy, thrice happy shouldst thou be, to know that thy child is kindly taken from a world of sorrow and of woe, and hath found a home in his Saviour's bosom ! Wouldst thou rather he had lived, and drunk deeply of the bitter waters of life—have struggled with the world, and prayed, in the depth of agony for death ? He is gone before thee, but thou canst follow him, and the path will be all the brighter to thee as thy beloved one hath trodden it ; although it is very hard to lose the one in whom such great affection is centred, yet a bright ray of happiness will irradiate the gloom, to know that he died before he became contaminated by the world. Then wipe those tears away, oh, thou sorrow-laden one ! for is not heaven far better than earth ?

CHAPTER V.

THE CHURCH.

THE house of prayer is entered, the last straggler has taken his seat ; each heart seeks a blessing from the Father of mercies, and each eye is turned towards the pastor. What a holy solemnity steals over the soul while we are in the house of God ; we seem to feel His Presence ! How many generations have been successively seated in this church, listening to the words of holy Writ ! How many ministers have succeeded each other in that pulpit ! So generation after generation passes away ; and we, too, shall go when our time arrives, and the place that knows us now shall know us no more for ever. Others will take our place, and sit in the same seats, and listen to the same words, but from another pastor's lips. Even the lord of the manor, who is seated in his crimson-velvet-cushioned pew, he,—with all his hereditary titles,—must follow his forefathers. Not all the splendour that surrounds him, not all the wealth that he possesses, will bribe the stern angel of Death, who makes no distinction between the peer and the peasant ; both must yield to his impartial sway. How awe-inspiring are the marble effigies of the ancestors of that noble ! Those time-worn tablets record their glorious deeds, and form conspicuous ornaments to the church ; they fling, as it were, a mantle of antiquity over the walls, robing them with magnificence. There, at the foot of the altar, how many have been united by that holy bond which death alone can sunder. The noble lady and the poor cottage-girl, the aristocrat and the peasant have there alike vowed to love and cherish those who knelt by their side. And so Time rolls on, but at last it will drop into the unfathomable abyss of Eternity. Then will the graves give up their dead, and from the peaceful village and the busy city, from the deep-rolling ocean and the wide-spread desert, the blest shall soar upon angel-pinions to enter upon their eternal happiness, and for ever live in that blissful realm where there is no more marrying or giving in marriage, but where all meet in universal love and holy companionship. List to the organ's swelling notes, pealing like angel-melodies throughout the sacred building. And now the congregation simultaneously rise to blend their voices in that hymn of praise and prayer to God ; and those words of adoration will be borne by ministering spirits upward to the realms above, and mingle in the harmonies of heaven.

Now the organ's majestic tones almost drown the silvery voices of the village choir, anon the magnificent music sinks into

a soft, sweet melody, and the chorus of praise, gushing from many a happy heart, is distinctly heard. In a loftier strain the parting words are poured forth, and a hush so calm, so still, succeeds those echoing notes, it seems as if some invisible and noiseless influence had stricken all that congregation with the solemn stillness of death. Now the minister offers a prayer to the God of the Sabbath, and his gentle yet impressive voice thrills every breast within those walls. He asks a blessing upon all, with a thanksgiving for mercies past, and with tearful earnestness implores guardianship for the future. And now the Lord's Prayer slowly issues from his lips, and each voice within the sacred edifice joins in uttering that beautiful prayer, the last words die away, and he commences his sermon.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PASTOR.

Gaze upon that noble countenance, beaming with love; look upon that high, expansive brow, crowned with snowy locks! He is one of the truthful followers of his divine Master; his life is an embodiment of his speech. He is filled with love for God, and for his fellow-men; his unostentatious deeds shew the affection of his heart; few worldly thoughts make their abode there, for it is so full of heavenly hopes that it despises the things of earth. He preaches "Jesus Christ and Him crucified;" he rails not at this or that religion; he wearis not his hearers with theological disquisition, he excites not their imagination with the flowers of eloquence, but simply leads them to "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." What breathless stillness pervades that solemn assembly as he reveals the love of God! How earnestly every eye is fixed upon his countenance, and how attentive is every ear to his words, as he points out the way by which they can enter heaven! How admirably he delineates the Christian character, and how kindly he tells them how they ought to live, so that they may join those who have passed from earth to immortality! He warns youth of the rocks of life, and explains how they can be escaped; and he speaks to the aged Christian of the glories with which he shall soon become acquainted. He describes the life of Christ, and attempts to portray His sufferings for sinful man; tells of the Saviour's boundless love for the fallen race, and how they may become reconciled to God. He closes his discourse by exhorting the unbeliever to come to the Redeemer, and find peace—happiness whilst on earth, and eternal bliss beyond the grave. He implores those who have found that peace, to still keep

stedfast, never wavering, but increasing in holiness and love to God ; and then with a prayer the service closes. How many happy groups linger on their homeward way, to catch his smile, and listen to his beloved voice ; and it seems as if the sun had suddenly become clouded when the parsonage veils him from their sight.

Over the flowery fields the children ramble, while their parents are conversing on what they have heard, which will form the theme of conversation with the aged, who are too infirm to attend the service in the after-part of the day. But in their happy homes will they peruse the dearly-beloved old Bible, and ponder over those passages upon which the minister particularly dwelt ; and if their sight is too dim to distinguish the letters, their grand-children will cheerfully read to them.

It is the noon. How still, how calm is a Sabbath noon ! Nature seems wrapt in silent prayer. The cattle lie ruminating upon the green-sward ; and on the boundless blue dome —upon the lovely veil of heaven, the fleecy cloudlets lie in picturesque beauty. Silence seems to hold a universal reign, all is so sweetly still.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CLOSE OF THE SABBATH.

The sun is setting in glorious beauty, slowly sinking behind the crimson-tinged hills. This smiling Sabbath is drawing to a close, and Nature arrays herself in all her loveliness to bid farewell to the holy day. The glowing west is streaked with deepest colours, blending in one resplendent picture. Earth's beaming face is blushing with rosy light streaming from the farewell glance of the setting sun, who is departing to shed his lustre upon other climes. A solitary bird pours his last notes to the fading day—the honey-laden bee buzzes its homeward flight to its well-stored hive—the graceful deer rustle the bushes as they pass to drink of the pellucid waters of the lake. And now every sound is hushed, save the monotonous gurgling of some little brook, as it pursues its onward course through the fragrant meadows and the shady dells, or the gentle whispering of the leaves, fanned into motion by the breath of even.

The sky is one expanse of clear blue, except in the western horizon, whither the snowy clouds have floated ; and as they approach the setting sun, they become steeped in myriad dyes, and robe the rugged mountain-tops with crimson drapery. The last gorgeous rays which follow in the train of the

royal sun still brightly linger there, as if loath to leave so fair a scene, and bid adieu to the sweet flowers ; but at length, slowly and reluctantly, they withdraw. The birds withhold their warblings, and are lost amid the darkening foliage, the shades of evening gather round, and the world is left to enjoy the blest repose of a Sabbath-night. Farewell to thee, sweet Sabbath-day. Thou hast brought many blessings with thee, and many blessings follow thee in thy silent flight to the mystic realms of eternity, to join thy predecessors. Thou art but a symbol of that eternal Sabbath with which Time shall converge when the last star hath faded from its firmament, and its darkness is lost in the golden splendours of the Sun of Eternity.

GOSPEL-SONG.

“ Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” MATTHEW xi. 28.

Oh, when thy lonely heart is full of woe,
And down thy face grief-laden teardrops flow ;
When sorrow dwells within thy troubled breast,
“ Come unto Me, and I will give thee rest.”

When thy sad spirit longs to flee away,
From darken’d earth to realms of endless day ;
When hope is faint, and faith is sore depress’d,
“ Come unto Me, and I will give thee rest.”

Oh, when thy life is as a dismal dream,
Without the faintest, solitary gleam
Of earthly happiness to be its guest,
“ Come unto Me, and I will give thee rest.”

Although thy heart is heavy with its grief,
And yearns in vain to find some sweet relief ;
Though mournful thoughts may all thine hours invest,
“ Come unto Me, and I will give thee rest.”

When thou dost weep for days for ever o’er,
For happier moments tears will not restore,—
Faded away like sunlight in the west,
“ Come unto Me, and I will give thee rest.”

Hath death bereft thee of a friend most dear,
 And art thou left alone desponding here ;
 Are sighs up-heaving from thy aching breast,
 " Come unto Me, and I will give thee rest."

Oh mourner, wipe thy flowing tears away,
 And to thy God with trustful fervour pray,
 Peace shall return to soothe thy trembling breast :
 Go unto Him, and He will give thee rest.

THE ROSEBUD.

A ROSEBUD was drench'd with the silvery rain,
 And hung down its beautiful head,
 Shedding hyaline globules of glittering pearls
 Adown on its emerald bed.

It wept for the beams of the gladdening sun,
 And trembled as if with its grief ;
 While odorous gems with a crystalline crown,
 Illumined each quivering leaf.

The sun kindly smiled in its sorrowful face,
 And kiss'd the rich teardrops away,
 As it blushingly parted its coralline lips,
 Breathing sweets to the orb of the day.

The balmy breeze play'd with its crimson-hued leaves,
 Revealing its charms to the sight ;
 And amid the bright flow'rs all blooming around,
 It glisten'd transcendently bright.

Oh, how oft do we mourn for Prosperity's sun,
 While Adversity's rain falls around,
 And forget it is by a kind Providence sent
 To make virtues more richly abound.

Though dark be the cloud, and severe be the storm,
 They will pass like a dream of the night,
 And the light will shine forth with a sunnier smile,
 To fill the sad heart with delight.

SONNET.

PALe, ghostly moonbeams gleam through ruby glass,
 And cast deep blushes on the oaken floor ;
 And gently trembling on th' emblazon'd door,
 With speetral brightness slowly steal and pass
 Along the faded tapestry, and illume
 The noble portraits of an aneient line,
 Whose glorious names shall ever brightly shine,
 Whose mighty deeds shall aye immortal bloom,
 In bardie verse, in famed historie page,
 And deeply echo through eah future age.
 The warriors' portraits deck the ancient Hall,
 And fairest forms of beauty mingle there ;
 While on their marble tombs the moonbeams fall,
 Wreathing each sculptured name in haloes pure and fair.

FLOWERS, FAIR FLOWERS.

Flow'rs, fair flow'rs, were brightly blooming, as a happy child she roved
 Through the garden's gay parterres, gath'ring those she dearly loved,—
 Roses with their beauty blushing, roses with their pureness white,
 Lilies streak'd with gorgeous colours, lilies like the pale moonlight.

Flow'rs, fair flow'rs, were brightly blooming, and within her raven hair
 An unfolding rose was smiling—spotless emblem, pure and fair :
 Fragrant flow'rs bestrew'd her pathway, for she was a happy bride,
 And she seem'd herself a white rose crimsoning with joy and pride.

Flow'rs, fair flow'rs, were brightly blooming, as upon the bed of death :
 Like a broken bud's last perfume, she resign'd her parting breath ;
 Oh the farewell kiss was given, and her spirit wing'd its flight
 To another home in heaven, fill'd with happiness and light.

Flow'rs, fair flow'rs, are brightly blooming o'er that loved
 one's early tomb ;
 Tears, sad tears, are gently falling o'er a flow'r no more to
 bloom ;
 Sighs, soft sighs, are sadly mingling with the moaning through
 the bow'rs ;
 And a mourner's heart is breaking o'er the flow'rs, the lovely
 flow'rs.

SILENCE.

DEEP stillness reigns around, for earth now lies
 In midnight sleep : not e'en the faintest sound
 Disturbs her gentle slumberings. The breeze
 Holds its soft breath ; hush'd are its whisperings
 Of fond affection to the trembling flowers—
 Now motionless as the pale moon, whose beams
 So calmly slumber on the tranqnil lake.
 Silence, with finger placed on her seal'd lips
 And eyelids folded o'er her dreamy orbs,
 Peacefully reigneth, canopied by Night.
 No cloudlet breaks the deep serene of heav'n,
 And ocean's waves have rock'd themselves to sleep.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A HAPPY new year to thee, beautiful one,—
 More blissful, more bright than those that are gone ;
 'Tis the prayer of a heart that is warm and sincere,—
 A life full of joy and a happy new year.

May each coming hour bring some blessing to thee ;
 May all sadness and sorrow, far, far from thee flee ;
 May moments o'erflowing with pleasures appear,
 And thy heart beam with joy through a happy new year.

May thy lustrous eyes shine with the light of thy soul,
 And lose not their brightness as days onward roll ;
 May blessings surround thee, and kind friends be near
 To fill thee with gladness all through the new year !

Whatever my lot, and wherever I rove,
 This true heart shall throb with its fathomless love ;
 All its thoughts shall be thine, whether distant or near,
 To bless thee and love thee through ev'ry new year.

TO —.

THOU'ST made my heart as restless as a sea
 With storms perturb'd. Oh, how it wildly swells
 With love's unfathom'd waves ; it yearns with all
 Its deep intensity of boundless love
 But to behold thy beauteous face again.
 When shall I see thee ? Shall I see thee more ?
 I'm like the day without its radiant orb,
 Like night without a solitary star.
 Thou'st bound a chain around my faithful heart,
 And drawn it to thyself. My memory
 Enshrines thy image : the strong waves of Time,
 The adverse winds of Life, can ne'er erase,
 E'en for one single moment, from my soul
 That much-beloved image ; thought and love
 Have so indelibly impress'd it there,
 That nought but Death can tear it from its home.
 I pine to see thee, as the parchèd earth
 Pines for refreshing rain ; I would give worlds,
 With all the power and riches they contain,
 Were they but mine to give, to win thy smiles.
 How shall I win them ? If my deep, deep love
 Is not enough, then ardently I'll strive
 To gain th' immortal wreath of glorious Fame,
 And humbly lay my trophy at thy feet.
 Now with the eager throng which, struggling, toils
 Up Fame's high rugged steep, I'll proudly press,
 With tireless energy ; for thoughts of thee
 Shall nerve my spirit with unfailing strength.

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

SEASON of vernal beauty, come and robe the earth in green,
 Bid smiling Nature in her garb of loveliness be seen ;
 Scatter thy jewels all around in garlands of fair flowers,
 While warblers' joyous melodies ring through the sunny
 bowers !

Bid the meand'ring rivulet flow rip'lingly along,
 And to the waving woods sing forth its softest, sweetest song ;
 Falling upon the list'ning ear like music from above,
 Or a mem'ry-haunting melody from the lips of those we love !
 Bid the violet and the primrose bloom, and the lily of the vale,
 While their sweet perfume on the wings of gentle zephyr sail.
 Oh come, in all thy beauty come, thou season of delight,
 Ravish the ear with sweetest sounds, with loveliest scenes the
 sight !

DEATH.

DEATH'S monarchy is universal, his reign is co-eval with time; there is not a spot in this lower creation which his sombre wings overshadow not. He lays his icy hand upon his prey, and Life flies aghast from its now victorious enemy. Labouring incessantly is the stern king of terrors; not an instant doth he pause in his sorrow-sowing flight, or suspend his wonted occupation. While I write, and whilst thou, O mortal, art perusing what is written, he is wasting many to the shores of eternity. The infant is taken from its mother's breast ere knowledge has acquainted it with its future destiny; the high pulse of youth is chilled in its glow; the pride of manhood bowed, and old age hurried to the tomb. The mutability of earthly things affects not Death; the tide of ages rolls onward, and he is still the same. When man sinned against the Creator he sprang into birth, and has still lived on, in a never-slumbering, ever-working existence; and his reign will continue till the trumpet of the archangel proclaims that time shall be no more. Then, when he ushers in the reign of eternity, the day-spring of man's immortality—then, oh Death, thou wilt be subdued. He who hath "overcome the world" will overcome thee also. Then may they who were thy captives exclaim, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory!"

TRUST IN GOD.

ART thou weary of the struggle?
 Longs thy spirit to be free
 From the prison-chains that bind thee
 Down to sad mortality?

Brood dark clouds of sorrow o'er thee?
 Gleams there not *one* cheering ray?
 Is the fire of hope extinguish'd
 Ere the close of life's short day?

Is thy lone heart full of anguish—
 Anguish only known to thee—
 Sinking 'neath its weight of sadness,
 Sinking, sinking silently?

Wipe the teardrops from thine cyclids;
 Still thy bosom's rising sigh;
 Raise thy thoughts from all that grieves thee,
 Far beyond the shrouded sky!

Though thy soul be full of sorrow,
 Though thou'rt weary of the way,
 Though dark clouds may hover o'er thee,
 Veiling all the light of day,—

Yet repine not! God is gracious ;
 He has some wise end in view :
 He has made thee, He afflicts thee,
 He will safely bring thee through ;

He will change the cup of sorrow
 Into one of purest bliss,—
 Scatter in thy shadow'd pathway
 Sweetest flow'rs of happiness.

Call upon Him ; He will hear thee,
 And will listen to thy prayer :
 Calmly wait, in trusting patience ;
 He will free thee from thy care.

In a richly-laden blessing
 To thy soul He will reply,
 And the golden light of gladness
 Shed athwart the low'ring sky,

Till fair Hope's prophetic rainbow
 Painted on the clouds appears,
 And the sun, in royal splendour,
 Kindly dries thy falling tears.

THE ROSES OF SUMMER.

THE roses of summer are wreathed with the gems
 That descended in musical show'rs,
 And pour their perfume on the wings of the breeze,
 As it glides by the blossom-fill'd bow'rs :
 O'er their beautiful petals the sun's golden beams
 In gladdening kisses are straying,
 While sweet zephyrs woo the fair tremulous leaves,
 And with the rich raindrops are playing.

The birds are outpouring melodious lays,
 And fill the soft odorous air
 With music that floats through the violet vale
 To the rill that is rippling there ;
 While the lily-fringed fountains are flinging their pearls
 In the setting sun's crimsoning light,
 And the crystalline diamonds blushingly fall
 In tinted drops lucently bright.

A THUNDER-STORM.

HARK to the roaring thunder's echoing peals !
 Each cloud with thrilling voice now loudly groans,
 In awful terror at the lightning's flash.
 One moment the enveloped sky is lit
 With the fleet flashes of electric light,
 Making the brooding darkness visible;
 And then resumes its boundless blackness. All
 The stars are veil'd ; the moon hath hid her face,
 And stricken earth seems wrapt in speechless awe.

A SUMMER-NIGHT.

THE odorous night-breeze, wafts on waving wings,
 Love-laden music from you beauteous vale
 Of loveliest roses, and their perfume flings
 Upon the air, that to the nightingale
 Seems listening. Oh, what soul-soothing notes
 Flow sweetly in a softly gushing stream,
 That to the ear like heav'nly music floats,
 Hymn'd by the angel-choir, whose glories gleam
 In golden stars strewn o'er the sapphire sky.
 My heart responds with exquisite delight,
 And trembles with deep, holy ecstasy,
 Whilst gazing on the star-robed, moon-crown'd night,
 And drinking the delicious melody
 Of the sweet songster of the rose-wreathed vale,
 Telling the lady-moon its wild, romantic tale.

DEATH IN THE DESERT.

ACROSS the sultry desert-sands the wanderer bent his way ;
 His lips were parch'd with burning thirst throughout the
 long, long day :
 From the unclouded sky the sun darted his fiercest heat,
 And the traveller's throbbing, troubled brow with strong
 pulsations beat.

He'd journied many weary miles since the first dawn of day,
 But onward, onward, onward still his aching feet must stray.
 He look'd around ; no sight, no sound fell on his eye or ear ;
 No stream, no shade could there be seen—no spot of rest
 was near.

He thought of home and friends afar, in England's lovely
isle,

Where cooling zephyrs fan the air, and beauties ever smile :
Oh, how he long'd to rest again beneath its waving trees,
And listen to the melody of streamlet, bird, and breeze.

Fast down his scorch'd and furrow'd cheeks big sealding
tears did roll ;

His agonizing look proclaim'd the anguish of his soul ;
He cried for WATER, but in vain, for in its stead came DEATH :
He sank amid the burning sands, and there resign'd his
breath.

1850.

A BRIDAL-WREATH.

FAIR, beauteous bride, on this thy wedding-day
I pour to thee my simple, heartfelt lay,
And wish thee a long life of growing bliss.
May all thy days be bright with happiness ;
Ne'er may thy bosom heave the bitter sigh,
Nor sorrow's teardrops dim thy beaming eye ;
May thy glad heart be light with joy for aye,
And life appear a ceaseless bridal-day :
Love weave for thee a chaplet of fair flowers,
And friendship's sun illumine all thine hours.
Gently and safely may life's vessel glide,
With sail unruffled o'er the sunlit tide ;
Beneath, no billows rise to awe thy soul,
Nor sounding tempests e'er above thee roll.
As each new day appears, oh, may it bring
Fresh happiness upon its passing wing ;
And when from earth thy spirit takes its flight,
Then may it soar to realms of fadeless light,—
Be blest with joys, eternal joys above,
In that fair home of happiness and love.

TO A LAUREL-LEAF.

FAME-CROWNING leaf, I gaze on thee with joy,
And with a heart imbued with gratitude
To the Almighty Power who fashion'd thee.
How delicately traced is every vein !
Thy variegated tints how rich, how clear !

Where is the artist who could e'er portray
 Such hues,—so fair, so exquisitely wrought?
 Oh, wondrous Artist, everlasting God!
 The smallest of Thy works far, far exceeds
 The greatest efforts of earth's mightiest minds.

THE RIVER OF DEATH.

I STAND upon the shores of Time,
 And gaze o'er death's dark stream,
 To where Eternity's vast clime
 Lies shrouded like a dream.

To Hope, low murmur'ring, saith my soul,
 "Oh what awaits me there?
 Those cold, dark waves that fiercely roll
 O'erwhelm me with despair."

"Fear not! those billows will be pass'd;
 For thou must reach that land;
 Though rough the wave, though loud the blast,
 There thou shalt safely stand,

"And gladly gret the loved, the blest,
 To whom thy thoughts now flow:
 They through that gloomy tide have press'd,
 And dost *thou* fear to go?"

I will not fear to pass the tide,
 Though high the billows roll;
 For Faith shall in my heart abide,
 And Hope illume my soul.

And with that joy within my breast,
 And cheer'd by that pure gleam,
 I'll calmly pass to perfect rest
 Beyond the troubled stream.

LIFE.

WHEN the young heart is light, and the eye full of gladness,
 And the brow is unclouded by sorrow and care,
 Ah! little we think of the dark days of sadness,—
 How a few years will ruffle the cheek now so fair.

The child that to-day in the cradle is lying,

Though it knows not the troubles the world has in store,
Unconsciously tells, by its tears and its sighing,
That grief is to man as the sea to the shore.

The waters of trouble will reach him to-morrow,

Though the soul-flooding billows to-day may subside ;
And joy is as sure to be follow'd by sorrow
As the flow to come after the ebb of the tide.

Though varied the scenes that shall open before us,

Whether silver'd with joy, or o'ershadow'd with care,
We'll calmly rely on the Providence o'er us,
And for good or for evil by virtue prepare.

SONNET—TO A BEE IN DECEMBER.

COMPANION of fair Summer and sweet Spring,
Why art thou wand'ring mid December's gloom ?
Thy presence bids fond Memory take wing,
And picture to my view rich flowers in bloom :
I see the blushing rose, the lily pale ;
And azure sky enrobed with silv'ry clouds ;
And like the dear remembrance of a tale
Of deepest interest, the past now crowds
Upon my mind, awaken'd by thy song,
Thy buzzing song of busy minstrelsy :
I think of vales where streamlets flow'd along,
And none were roving there but thee and me.
Alas ! in bleak December's darken'd hours
Thou rovest still in search of honied flowers.

1851.

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

HARK, hark, the Christmas bells ring out, ay merrily they ring ;

And mantled with the falling snow the waites glad carols sing :
The music of the village waites and pealing of the bells
Swell on the keen and gusty air, and die adown the dells.

'Tis Christmas-eve, and slowly fall the feath'ry flakes of snow;
 The clouds dissolve in coronals, and robe the earth below :
 All soft and silently they fall, and fill the piercing air,
 Like blossoms dropp'd from Paradise, pure, beautiful, and
 fair.

They fall upon the leafless trees, and on the ice-bound stream ;
 They fall upon the evergreens, where crimson berries gleam ;
 They fall upon the lonely flowers, that bloom though Winter
 reigns,

As if they linger'd in the cold to hear the robin's strains.

* * * * *

SONNET—A MIDSUMMER-EVE.

THE ev'ning breeze is faint with fragrance ;
 Its silken wings with flowers' sweet incense droop,
 And scaree can fan the air into a tone
 Soft as the dying whisper of a child,
 Whose morning life is slowly ebbing forth
 Away into the far eternity.
 The leaves awaken at its balmy breath,
 Trembling, let fall the pendent orbs of dew,
 Then quiver into motionless repose.
 How still, how calm, is ocean, earth, and sky !
 The placid wave, admiringly, lies mute,
 Awe-struck at Nature's silent slumberings :
 No voice, no sound, scaree e'en a zephyr's sigh,
 Disturbs the quiet of this prayerful hour.

TO ——.

BEAUTY from thy face beams brightly, and 'tis glancing from
 thine eyes—

Gentle orbs with glory shining, like the stars in azure skies ;
 Shining full of spirit-beauty, ever cloudless, ever fair ;
 Ever bright'ning with its glory ev'ry scene of earthly care.

May thy life be long and sunny ; may thy heart be light and
 free ;
 May thy lily-brow e'er slumber in its calm serenity ;
 Never may a tear of sorrow fringe those eyes so soft and
 bright ;
 But a joyous spirit fill them from its fount of inward light.

May God shower His choicest blessings ; be His smile a
heav'n to thee ;
Loving angels round thee hover, day and night, unceasingly ;
And when Death shall gently gather from the earth its
fairest flower,
May those guardian seraphs bear thee to some bright celestial
bower.

THE STREAM.

THE stream is melodiously flowing along ;
Illumined with sunbeams, it sings its sweet song,
Adorning the flow'rets that kiss its fair face,
With tiaras of jewels, their beauty to grace.

Full often I listen, reclined in my boat,
To its musical murmur, as gently we float,
While the boatman is singing his favourite lay,
As he scatters around him the glittering spray.

I linger there till the warm sun hath set,
And the stars in the fathomless ether have met :
I linger there till the moonbeams bright
Envelope the earth in their pure pale light.

Oh, then it is sweet o'er the stream to stray,
And watch the quivering moonbeams play,
While my boat in a silvery pathway glides,
As I gather the lilies that sleep by its sides.

THE GRAVE OF MY LOVE.

I'm standing alone by the grave of my love,
While the night-wind steals plaintively by ;
And the glittering stars, the bright eyes of the night,
With glory illumine the sky.
Sweet Philomel poureth a sorrowful lay
In the grove where the roses are twining,
While my grief-laden heart is o'erflowing with sighs,
And my tears in the moon-beams are shining.

Oh Isabel, Isabel, beautiful one !
 Thy grave is enamell'd with flowers :
 I've gather'd the fairest and loveliest wreaths
 That sweeten'd the musical bowers,—
 And strown them, bedew'd with my sorrowful tears,
 Upon thy bright, blossoming grave,
 Where soft zephyrs sigh 'neath their load of perfume,
 And the willow-trees mournfully wave.

A SUMMER SABBATH AFTERNOON.

OH what a holy stillness calmly broods
 Over reposing earth ! The flow'rs' fair heads
 Are humbly bow'd as if in silent prayer :
 One solitary cloudlet streaks the sky ;
 As still as its own shadow on the lake
 It brightly lies, stay'd in its onward course,
 Pausing in solemn wonderment and awe.
 The tall trees stand like silent sentinels,
 Guarding the voiceless worship of the earth.
 A virgin rose, as Parian marble pure,
 Hangs o'er the crystal fountain's glassy face,
 Still as a statue bending o'er a tomb.
 Nature seems wedded now to gentle Peace,
 While heaven and earth their holy Sabbath keep.

LINES WITH A BOUQUET.

I HAVE cull'd thee a bouquet of beautiful flowers,
 The fairest and sweetest that bloom'd in the bowers,—
 Bright red and white roses enrich'd with perfume,
 Geraniums and pansies in loveliest bloom.

Where the bee with the many-hued butterfly floats,
 And the birds are outpouring their echoing notes,
 Bloom'd the flowers I bring thee. Oh, sweet was their home !
 Where music and perfume communingly roam.

Let this bouquet remind thee my dear one of me,
 As the shell's gentle whisper e'er tells of the sea,
 And in days that are coming, oh gaze on these flowers,
 While memory pictures the past sunny hours !

TO ——.

THINE eyes are bright as the stars of night ;
 They pierce my heart and dazzle my sight :
 Thy lips are red as the sunset's glow ;
 And thy clustering ringlets droop from a brow
 As white as the mountain's spotless snow,
 And pure as the virgin lily of May ;
 While thy musical accents softly flow,
 In tones as sweet as an angel's lay.

HAPPINESS.

WHAT is happiness, and where shall we seek it ? What are the sources from which it springs, and the bands which will secure it to the heart ? If we seek it in the giddy maze of youthful joy, it is but the ephemeral sunshine of the untried heart, which vanishes as the coils of the world tighten around us. If we look for it in the little gatherings around our own fireside, there it is alloyed by the harrowing remembrance that death will hush the voice which rings its merry laugh upon the ear, brightens the eye with gladness, and makes the heart light with joy and love. If we hope to find it in riches and worldly honour, we are still the victims of delusion ; for these things make to themselves wings and fly away, leaving only regret for the past, the sighing of the heart for the days that are gone for ever, the sorrowful brooding over "the ghosts of pleasures fled."

But, oh ! say not there is *no* happiness on this side of the grave ; say not there is no balm for sorrow, no healing balsam for the bleeding heart ; for it is not so. Though all our joy is chequered and transient, yet still there are such things as happiness and joy. There is happiness in childhood's mirth ; there is happiness in the lightsome heart of youth ; there is happiness in "calm old age ;" there is happiness in the cheerful home, where happy faces meet and loving hearts entwine. There is happiness in all the world around us,—in the golden harvests and the sunny fields, in the blossoming flowers, and the murmuring rill, the playful cattle and the singing birds. Then why should man enjoy no happiness ? Is his superior knowledge to mar his joy by conjuring up presentiments of evil, and not to fill his heart with gladness by revealing happiness in store ? Oh, no ! however heavily the troubles of life may weigh upon the heart, hope will relieve it of half the burden, and point to brighter, happier days to come. "Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

SOLITARY MUSINGS.

TO THE REV. ——.

PENSIVE I pace my silent room,
 And my lone heart sinks 'neath its weight of gloom ;
 Wildly it throbs with fruitless grief,
 And few are the hours that bring relief.
 Life wears an aspect stern to me,
 Restless and dark as a stormy sea.
 Harsh Sorrow hath made her home in my heart ;
 When, oh when, will the shadow depart !
 I pine for love as the flowers for rain ;
 When will my spirit be fill'd again
 With that thrilling joy, that ecstasy
 I felt when my mother smiled on me !
 Oh her smile was bright as a summer day,
 And sweet as the sunny glance of May ;
 And the soothing music of her voice,
 E'er made my young light heart rejoice.
 But she sleeps the wakeless sleep of death,
 While the wild wind sighs with sobbing breath ;
 While moaning Autumn's leaves are shed,
 Where she calmly rests with the sainted dead.
 There Memory loves to wing her way,
 Till sorrowful thoughts o'creloud the day.
 Earth, thou art beautiful to me,
 And I love each lovely thing I see ;
 But still my heart grows sad with thought,
 And the bliss I feel with pain is fraught ;
 For I am alone, alone with Grief,—
 She is my bride, and my heart's like a leaf
 Waved by the dying Autumn's breath ;
 For it trembles with sighs like life at death.
 "Home, what is it?" I've murmur'd long :
 The sound is sweet as an angel's song ;
 It sends a thrill throughout my frame,
 And my full heart bounds at its lovely name.
 It seemeth rich with every bliss,
 Bright with each social happiness,
 Jewell'd with beauty like Spring with flowers,
 And musical as the Summer's showers !
 Oh, when I wish to picture a home,
 To thy bright fireside my thoughts will roam ;
 For there I beheld the fairest scene
 That gladden'd mine eyes where'er I've been :

All thine so kind and full of love,
 Dear to each other as angels above ;
 And the hours I pass'd with them and thee
 Unfolded a paradise to me—
 "A spot which an angel had touch'd in its flight,"
 A gleaming star on a cloud-robed night,
 A flower-gemm'd isle in a boundless sea,
 An ever-remember'd melody,
 A golden light o'er Life's dark shrouds,
 A glorious rainbow clasping the clouds,
 A rapturous thrill to my desolate heart,
 A dream of delight so soon to depart ;
 A drop of bliss in my cup of woe,
 The brightest, sunniest beam below,—
 For a few brief hours a heav'n on earth,
 When the purest hopes sprang into birth,—
 A shaded fount in a sandy plain,
 A sunny gleam amid falling rain,—
 And in joy or grief, whatever my lot,
 Oh, thou and thine shalt ne'er be forgot !

HOME.

HOME is one of the sweetest words of which language can boast. What beautiful associations encircle its beloved name! Home! As the precious word is uttered, what dear and never-to-be-forgotten scenes are vividly portrayed to Memory's view. The place where we were ushered into a world of sunshine and shadow,—the spot where we first beheld the light of day, and heard the well-remembered tones of a fond mother's voice,—where we lisped in infantile accents, —*where we were happy!* Oh, each spot within and around our homes is dear, very dear to us; but how often are we compelled to leave the dear faces, and the sweet scenes and associations of home behind us, to go forth and battle with the world,—to find that life has its bitters as well as its sweets,—to exchange the golden sunlight for the darkening shadow, and to hear the harsh voice of a cold world instead of the kind tones of our blissful childhood! How many a noble soul is shipwrecked upon the tempestuous sea of life! how widely separated are those who grew up together in "the old house at home." Home! how the strangely powerful word strikes the heart, causing each chord to vibrate! Whether a palace or a cot, it is indescribably dear to us. A lifetime of anxiety cannot erase the recollections of youth :

the realities of the present or the dreams of the future cannot efface the memories of the past.

It is related of Napoleon that he was riding one day over a battle-field, gazing sternly and unmoved on the dying and the dead that strewed the ground by thousands around him, when suddenly the evening bells of Brientz awoke a merry peal. The Emperor paused to listen : his heart was softened ; memory was busy with the past ; he was no longer the conqueror of Austerlitz, but the innocent happy school-boy of Brientz ; and dismounting from his steed, he seated himself upon the stump of a tree, and burst into tears. The rock was smitten, and the waters gushed freely from it. So is it with us all ; fond reminiscences of days gone by *will* sometimes steal over us, and awaken all our finer sensibilities. We are prone to draw comparisons between the present and the past, and cannot avoid turning with a kind of melancholy yearning to the days of our youthful joys. The heart of man is ever restless, and rarely do the scenes and pleasures of after-life equal in peace and satisfaction the irrevocable happiness of our childhood's home.

ROSES.

BEAUTIFUL roses, sweet June's blushing roses !

All sparkling with raindrops and fill'd with perfume ;
The soft wooing zephyr your richness discloses,

As it greets with its kisses each starry-wreathed bloom.

The bee and the butterfly flutter above you ;

The beams of the golden sun glance o'er each breast ;

All beautiful things for your loveliness love you,

As the rainbow encircles the radiant west.

THE GRANDMOTHER.

IT is a beautiful Sabbath afternoon,—hushed, calm, and holy! Grandmother is sitting by the window, reading her Bible, for she is too feeble to attend the village church. The lovely roses peep in at the open easement, and sweetly shed their rich perfume around her, as if in commendation of her holy occupation.

Between the pages of that beloved Book are preserved the leaves of other roses, that blossomed when she was a girl ; and

as often as they meet her gaze, memory pictures to her view the unforgotten scenes of the distant past.

She is alone ; for all are gone to the pretty village church, whose spire can be seen towering amid the lofty trees that skirt Grandmother's garden. The quaintly-carved old oaken doors are open, and the melody issuing from the voices of the rustic choir, is wafted to her delighted ears upon the noiseless zephyrs of a summer's day. She places her finger upon the line she is reading, and pauses awhile to listen to those welcome strains. Now they die away upon the breeze, floating to other spots ; and now they return in louder, sweeter tones, as if to compensate for their momentary flight. Softly they fall, and gently sink into her throbbing heart ; whilst tears, not of sorrow, but of gladness, sparkle in her aged eyes. Oh, how she longs to blend her voice with that glorious strain !—How she longs to be there, to listen to the precious words that fall from the faithful pastor's lips ! The music gradually subsides, and with a deeper interest she resumes her reading of the Sacred Word ; but often has she to pause to wipe her spectacles, for they are dim with tears.

And what is she reading in that old family Bible ? She is perusing those solemnly beautiful passages over which so many tears have been shed, and by which so many sorrows have been allayed : " And as we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly"—" for this mortal must put on immortality." Oh, how many hearts have vibrated at those thrilling words, when uttered in admonition from the chancel, or when solemnly pronounced over the lifeless form of a beloved one ! Though full of hope, yet are they full of sorrow.

And still the old Grandmother reads on through this radiant Sabbath afternoon ; and a heavenly glory overspreads her countenance,—her eyes shine with a brighter light, and her heart is thrilled with a sublimer rapture. And thus she passes from life to immortality. The breeze steals in at the casement, whispering its soft melody around her ; it plays with her silvery hair, and rustling the leaves of the Bible, floats back again unto its beloved roses. And now a sunbeam comes and smiles upon the page, and looks sweetly into Grandmother's face. How tranquil she appears as she sits there—looking as if she slept, as though life had not departed ! —And so she appears as if in a dream, while the sunny hours steal silently away, and the pastor is drawing his holy duties to a close.

Lovely little Eva, the picture of health and happiness, like a bright sunbeam darts into the room, with her hand full of

flowers to present to her dear Grandmamma. Beaming with smiles and overflowing with joy, she hastily runs up to her, and with her musical voice exclaims : "Oh Grandmamma, here is such a lovely nosegay for you!" and she holds it up to her face,—but no glad recognition rewards her, no thankful word or loving action repays her. She looks in vain for the wonted welcome—she looks in vain for the accustomed kiss. She sleeps, dear Eva,—but she sleeps the solemn sleep of death. You may call aloud, yet she will not hear—for, nought but the trump of the archangel will ever awaken her from that death-slumber!

SUNSET, TWILIGHT, NIGHT.

[The following fragments were originally designed to form part of the introduction to a Poem which the Author is now writing.]

THE glorious day, magnificently robed
With crimson garments of resplendent light,
In calm sublimity serenely dies
In the grand palace of the glowing west,
Whose beauties deepen as his glories fade.
Weary and faint with his unceasing march
From east to west, across the boundless blue,
Where even not one resting-place he found,
Though all was bright beneath his golden gaze :
Gifting with glory all he smiled upon,—
On, on he travell'd to the distant west,
His strength declining with his onward march ;
And as he near'd his long, long journey's end,
His fainting feet were pierc'd with gushing wounds,
Which left a glowing track in rosy paths,
Tinging the snowy whiteness of the clouds
That silently arose to welcome him,
With deepest tints, like warriors' precious blood,
Making the blue sky like a battle-field.
And thus he reach'd his gorgeous palace-home :
Now on a radiant couch of mingled hues
He gently sinks to rest, and slowly dies,
Like a grand conqueror whose course is run,—
The white-robed clouds his only witnesses,
Who bend like angels by his side, and dip
Their spotless garments in his purple wounds,
To stay the life-blood brightly ebbing forth,
Till their pure virgin robes absorb the tide,

And streak the awe-inspired and voiceless earth
 With roseate rays of beautifying light
 From that bright orb which gladden'd it with smiles,
 Tinged with the deepest colours he reclines,
 A noble form—too glorious to live.
 His dying splendours Nature's face suffuse,
 With kindling blushes, while the rivers change
 To glowing crimson ;—c'en the lovely flow'rs
 Grow lovelier still, and flush with deeper hues.
 The virgin roses blush to see him die,
 And gently bend their modest heads in grief,
 Seeming to breathe a prayer that he may live.
 The topmost branches of the giant trees
 Are crown'd with glory, which is streaming down
 Upon the shadow'd ground, and brightly plays
 In shapes fantastic as a midnight dream.
 Oh what resplendent dyes you orb displays,
 Ere he departs, like to the rainbow bright,
 Too beautiful, too brilliant far to last.
 O, much more lovely, in his dying robes
 Of crimson, orange, violet, gold, and blue,
 Than when he rose, in orient splendour clad,
 And shed his glances o'er a sleeping world,
 That woke to gaze on his magnificence !
 Oh he was glorious then, when like a stream
 His lucent wavelets rippled o'er the earth,—
 Flooding fair Nature's face with beaming smiles,—
 Kissing its sweet and dewy tears away ;
 When new-born beams play'd with the quiv'ring leaves,
 Trembling with gladness at the grateful lays
 Of morning's songsters on their waving boughs.
 Yes, the bright sun looks far more glorious
 Now his grand course is run ; he streaks the field
 O'er which he proudly march'd in gorgeous state,
 With the last rays of his departing light,
 Expiring with a calm sublimity.
 'Tis like the close of a true Christian's life,
 Hovering between Eternity and Time,
 As Twilight glimmers between Day and Night,—
 Mysterious link outstretch'd between them both,
 A part of each, yet neither of the twain ;
 So when the good man passeth from this world,
 Exchanging Time for Immortality,
 Earth's chast'ning grief for Heav'n's surpassing joys,
 His pale face shineth with celestial light,
 Fore-splendouring a glory yet to come :

Gleams of the sunlight of another sphere
Fall on his brow, and glorify his soul ;
These gild his mystic path to other worlds,
Where neither sun declines, nor day withdraws,—
Where God shall be his everlasting Light,
The Orb of cloudless and unsetting Day.

Day with his radiant garb of light hath sunk
Into Eternity's mysterious tomb,
Adding another link to that vast chain
That shall be finish'd at the judgment-day.

Oh mighty Time ! from thy grand diadem,
Another gem, like a bright star, hath dropp'd,
To give a grander lustre to the blaze
Reflected from the jewels thou hast lost ;
The unreturning hours, days, months, and years
Claim'd by the all-absorbing conqueror,
The unpourtrayable, the unreveal'd,
The solemn, infinite Eternity.

Time proudly stands upon a pedestal
Composed of balls known unto man as days :
On the high summit of that mount Time wields
His regal sceptre ;—at its wide base yawns
A gulf more sombre than a cloud-robed night ;
E'en not a single solitary ray
Pierces the solemn darkness brooding there ;—
That deep black chasm is Eternity :
And as the west throws open its bright gates
To welecome home the slow-returning sun ;
Oft as that royal orb in splendour sets,
One of those balls that form the throne of Time
Sinks in that gulf, never to rise again.
Day rolls on day, and when the last is gone,
Then thou who sway'st thy sceptre o'er the earth,
To whom all bend, and own thy majesty ;
Whose impress meets our view where'er we roam,
Whose touch can change the aspect of a world,—
Change blooming beauty into wither'd age ;
E'en thou, oh mighty Time ! shalt fall and sink
Lower and lower still ; while dying Death,
With the last effort of declining strength
Shall hurl his sole remaining dart at thee,
And gladly die when he beholds *thee* dead,—
Lying amid the ruins of thy throne ;
While bright Eternity, with crown complete,
(Whose jewels once encircled thy fair brow,)
At the archangel's dead-awakening trump,

With giant strength shall burst the bonds of sleep,
 Grandly up-rising like a new-born god,
 Thought-fired, elated, on life-beaming wings,
 Mounts up in triumph o'er a burning world,
 Up through the angel-throng'd and song-fill'd air,
 To hold his universal endless reign.

Time and Eternity, most solemn words,
 Full to o'erflowing with unfathom'd depths
 Of mightiest meaning, indescribable,
 Pregnant with mystic thought which finite mind
 Can never grasp, or human tongue explain !
 How close they are, and yet how separate !
 Placed in comparison, how brief is Time—
 A single drop from the stupendous tide
 Of its unsounded, shoreless, waveless sea—
 A bursting bubble on its boundless breast ;—
 A single star out-fading from the sky ;—
 A dewdrop in the splendours of the sun ;—
 Brief prelude of a never-ending lay ;
 The childhood of an endless life—the school
 Where for the great Hereafter we prepare,
 The dim foreshadowing of another life,—
 That Life the infinite Eternity,—
 Ages to ages join'd, without an end,
 Uninterrupted—with no first, no last,
 No alpha, no omega ;—mystery all !
 The golden morning of the night of Time ;
 The haven after Life's tumultuous storm ;
 The wanderer's home,—the calm, eternal rest ;
 After Life's battle the grand victory ;
 The Christian warrior's rewarding crown ;
 The patient lab'rer's golden harvest-time ;
 The gracious recompense for deeds of love ;
 The interest for the talents our kind God
 Hath now endow'd us with. Oh mortal man !
 Thy deathless soul must render an account
 How thou hast spent thy ev'ry talent here !
 Oh aye remember they are not thine own !
 Thy God has only lent them unto thee :—
 Then use them wisely—use them gratefully—
 Use them in giving glory to His name ;
 Shed happiness within thy brother's soul,
 And cheer him in the battle-field of life !
 Oh guide his erring steps, and point the way
 That leads to glorious immortality !—

Eternity! age of the Living God!
 Thought shrinks abash'd within its little self,
 As it contemplates thy dread majesty!—
 A trembling shadow falling at thy base,
 Thou grand, sublime, cloud-cleaving pyramid.
 Portentous mystery, what dost thou conceal?
 Impenetrable veil withdraw awhile—
 Of the hereafter give me now a glimpse!
 Oh mighty mountain move, divide, disclose
 The scenes that lie beyond the range of time!
 A wall of mysteries encircles thee,
 Impassable but by the gate of death,—
 A solemn gate, guarded by Life's dark foe;
 A sacred barrier which separates
 The stream of Time from the eternal deep,—
 Till that day comes when Time shall cease to flow,
 And tributary days and years to run,—
 All merging in one boundless ocean-flood,—
 And centuries shall, star-like, fade away
 Before the blaze of an unending day.

* * * *

The bending flow'rs are crown'd with dewy pearls,—
 Nature's tiaras of resplendent gems,
 Wreathing around sweet Flora's glowing gifts,
 Translucent garlands of fair diamonds.
 The sad breeze sighs a melancholy song
 Among the boughs with blossoms cluster'd o'er,
 Sorrowing for the sunny smiles of Day.
 The sombre Twilight, in her shadowy robe,
 Like a pale spectre gliding from the tomb,
 Steals noiselessly across the dark'ning blue
 To the still, solemn chamber of the West,
 Where Day lies sleeping in the arms of Death.
 Awhile she pauses with averted eyes,
 Then, sighing, summons up her fading strength,
 And sadly gazes on his lovely corse.
 Her dark checks glisten with fast-falling tears,
 That drop in quick succession on his form.
 Slowly she stoops, and with pale, trembling lips
 Doth gently kiss each wound; with mournful voice,
 Broken by many sobs of bitter grief,
 She softly whispers o'er him her lament:—
 “And thou, the Burning and the Strong, art dead—
 Thou who hast brought such loveliness to birth;
 The beautifier of a mighty world,
 Now in deep sorrow mourning for its loss.
 The flow'rs are weeping, and their lovely heads

Are tremblingly hung down in gloomy grief ;
 Each blade of grass and every leaf is bright
 With tear-drops for thee. Even Zephyr sighs
 A gentle requiem as it floats along,
 Moving the trees to whisper their lament.
 Earth sorrows for thee ; her once smiling face
 Grows melancholy to behold thee dead.
 But more than all I mourn for thee, dear Day !
 How bright, how fair, and full of life thou wert ;
 How sad, how pale and motionless thou art !
 Oh, I will fondly fold thee in my shroud,
 And closely clasp thee to this aching heart,
 That soon will cease to beat. I too must die,
 And solemn Night will lay us in one grave.
 There our ancestors sleep,—there we must sleep
 In the vast tomb on which is written PAST.
 And our successors too must follow us.
 The Present there must join us, and be like
 What thou art now, and what I soon shall be.
 Incomprehensible Futurity
 Is ever giving birth to things to come,
 Yet they and she must all succumb to Time,
 And Time must bend unto Eternity,
 And that be governed by Infinity.
 How cold thou art, oh Day ! that wert so warm :
 Thy iciness hath chill'd me, and I feel
 That I am growing like thee. To my breast
 I clasp thee closer, and on thy pale lips
 I fondly press my own,—thus, thus I'll die,
 And feel a sad sweet joy in death like this.
 Thou shalt not go to the dark tomb alone ;
 In death thou shalt not be companionless,
 Although thou wert through life. I come—I come—
 Life steals away, and Azrael appears.
 Death's arrow comes—I see—I feel its flight.”
 Her trembling voice hath ceased its gentle moans,
 Dying away in faintest murmurings ;
 And Twilight sleeps the everlasting sleep
 Of dreamless death upon the corse of Day.
 One solitary star begems the sky,
 To herald the approach of solemn Night ;
 And then another and another comes,
 Successively emerging out of space,
 Like warriors when forming in array.
 Clad in sublimest splendour lo ! she comes,
 The beauty-laden empress, thoughtful Night ;
 The moon her crown, the stars her diamonds.

Slowly and royally she wends her way,
 To reign in silence o'er a silent world.
 Oh what a brilliant pageantry she brings !
 She strews with grandeur vast infinity,
 And firmly stamps her seal upon the skies
 While bright and brighter still the impress glows
 Gloriously beautiful, deeply sublime.
 She over Day hath been victorious,
 And like a proud, spoil-laden conqueror,
 Divinely treads the starry fields of heav'n,—
 Her beaming form majestic as a god ;
 Her dark robes sparkling with resplendent gems.
 Beauty and might magnificently form
 A wreath of glory round her regal brow ;
 Her silver lamps illumine the azure sky,—
 The sacred screen dividing heav'n and earth :
 Above is blessedness, which finite mind
 Can ne'er conceive, nor human language tell.
 E'en an archangel's voice could ne'er proclaim
 The glory unrevealed, but now reserved
 For those whom Christ hath with His blood redeem'd.
 Oh none but He, their author, can reveal
 Those joys unseen, unheard, and unconceived,
 That now await the earth-freed soul above.
 Beneath that floor of heav'n pale sorrow dwells,
 Making its home in many a darken'd heart ;
 From many an eye the teardrops trickle down,
 And bosoms heave with agonizing throes ;
 The cheek is wan with care,—the throbbing brow
 Is clouded with its grief, the countenance
 Impress'd with traces of despondency.
 Anguish and trial, solicitude and sin,
 Claim a vast portion of the world that lies
 Beneath your glorious roof—but, oh ! beyond,
 Far, far above, reign purity and rest !

The boundless dome of blue,—the cloudless sky,
 Is glist'ning with its myriad gems of light,
 Bright jewels strewn upon a waveless sea,
 As were they eyes of seraph-sentinels,
 Keeping their silent and unceasing watch
 Over a world wrapt in its midnight sleep.
 Their penetrating glances pierced the veil,
 And flood with lustre the unconscious earth :
 And I have thought, when raindrops fell at night,
 Those angels saw such sin and pain below,
 That tears bedimm'd the lustre of their eyes,
 And fell in limpid show'rs on sorrowing earth.

Oh glorious stars, the sky's undying flow'rs,
Teachers of immortality to man,
The faint reflections of the light of heav'n !

How calmly beautiful art thou, oh Night,
In modesty, and grace, and loveliness !—
Fairer than thine own daughter, gentle Sleep,
And all the visionary progeny
Of joyous dreams that claim descent from thee,—
A sweeter, softer, purer thing than Day,
Seeming to bring God's creatures nearer heav'n,
Like a dim picture of a long-lost home.
Thy regal loveliness surpasses all
That ever flash'd on the enraptured mind,
When lost in thought or fancy's highest flight
Upon undrooping wings to mystic worlds ;
Or fairest visions rich with golden light,
When sleep hath clasp'd the form in its soft arms,
And folded it within its calm embrace,
With gentle whisperings of soothing words ;
As the heart clasps the image it adores,
And folds it up in its absorbing love,
With secret vows, affectionate and strong.

Oh Night ! thou'rt glorious as a dream of heav'n ;
Thou far excellest grandest works of art ;
Richer than all the kingdoms of the world ;
More beautiful, with all thy myriad charms,
Than all the varied loveliness of earth ;
More inexpressibly wonderful
Than all the wonders of the world combined.
Thy noble form, in queenly majesty,
Is more majestic than the noblest form
Reflecting beauty on th' admiring world :
Sublimity, graee, might, and loveliness
Are deeply stamp'd in glowing characters
Upon thy royal brow, and brightly beam
In awe-inspiring splendour from thine eyes ;
And those transcendent orbs with grandeur gleam,
Magnificence out-shining all the gems
That glow with lustre in Goleonda's mines ;
Their rays of fire strike with full thrilling power,
And dazzle e'en imagination's gaze.
Thy matchless face is unpourtrayable,
So varying are the beauties floating there ;
'Tis rich with every loveliness, as Spring
With fragrant flow'rs and with melodious songs.
Beauty on thee hath poured her richest flow'rs,
Steep'd thee within her marble rose-wreathed urns,

O'erflowing with their sweetly-perfumed streams
 Of crystal brilliancy and deepest dyes—
 Spread a rich ray of glory o'er thy face,
 And flush'd it with a glow which poet's pen
 Or painter's pencil never can portray.

Close by the side of Night pale Silence stands,
 Motionless, thought-enrobed, calm, statue-like,
 Holding her sceptre o'er a sleeping world,
 Hushing its faintest murmurings to rest.
 Cynthia superbly sails along the sky,
 Peacefully gazing on the shrinking stars,
 Who wait far-off, as though in reverence ;
 She bathes all nature in a flood of light,
 And softly rains a gentle silv'ry shower
 Upon its moveless face with glory bright,
 In breathless slumber wrapt, mute, placid, deep,
 All quiet, calm, and motionless as death.

How still is all around me, sweetly still !
 The breeze hath hush'd its whisp'ring melody,
 And sunk to rest beneath its balmy load,
 Its silken wings o'erpow'r'd with fragrancy ;
 For it hath kiss'd the roses' ruby lips,
 Till tremblingly they parted, then imbibed
 In rich delicious draughts their odorous breath.
 The beauteous roses bend their dew-drench'd heads,
 And gently touch the moon-illumined sward ;
 Fair flow'rs drop sweetness on the smiling earth,
 And stars direct their holy glances there.
 The lilyed fountains fling large liquid pearls
 High in the balmy air; in glowing groups,
 They fall a sparkling shower on all around—
 On roses, purely white as spotless snow
 Crowning the lofty mountain's mighty brow,
 Where clouds recline ; or like the soul-less clay,
 When mourners' tears fall on the pallid face,
 But which will never break that sacred sleep.
 The crystal orbs in coronals descend
 On roses blushing at the glance of night,
 Like beauty's cheeks at fond affection's gaze ;
 And they, dear England's loveliest flow'rs, appear
 As if their leaves were dipp'd in sunset dyes.

The dew-drops and the fountains' drops combine,
 And mingling in one glist'ning garland, form
 A grand tiara, wreathing the fair flow'rs.
 They brightly fringe with lucent gems each leaf,
 And strew the emerald sward with diamonds,
 With splendour sparkling, like pure radiant pearls

In ocean caverns, wash'd by whisp'ring waves,
 Which gently kiss them for their beauty's sake.
 The nightingale awakes a plaintive lay
 In yon sweet bower of roses, and it floats
 O'er many a moon-lit scene of loveliness ;
 The breeze, awaken'd by the silv'ry notes,
 Bears them away upon its viewless wings
 O'er beds of fl'owrs of multifarious hues,
 That look as they were steep'd in rainbow-tints,
 Melodiously kissing the sweet buds,
 That blushingly unveil their loveliness :
 Deep crimson, mingled with the purest white
 In one fair flower appears ; another blooms
 As deeply blue as the star-studded sky :
 And while with heartfelt gratitude I gaze
 Upon the vast extent of garden-ground,
 That like a beauteous picture lies beneath,
 Chastely illumed with Cynthia's solemn light,—
 Oh, what transcendently fair ones I view,
 As o'er the varied scene my vision roams,
 Imbibing richest beauty at each glance,
 Causing emotion's tears to dim mine eyes !
 Some stand alone, like mighty master-minds,
 Magnificently tow'ring o'er the rest,
 Feeling their grand superiority ;
 Some lovingly are blooming on one stem,
 Like happy members of one family.

Oh, my whole soul o'erflows with love to God
 For these belovèd angel-ministrants—
 Sublimely eloquent, though ever mute,
 Whose heav'nly loveliness can melt the heart—
 Whose silent teachings lead the soaring soul
 To glorious worlds above the star-strewn skies.

Oh lovely flow'rs, my ever-faithful friends !
 Ye are the sweetest poetry of earth,
 Ye are the dim foreshadowings of heav'n :
 Bright angels shower'd ye from the realms above
 To give us a faint picture of their home,
 A gleam of its ne'er-fading loveliness.
 Ye kiss our footsteps wheresoe'er we roam ;
 Ever with sweetest smiles ye welcome us ;
 We inadvertently may tread on you,
 And yet ye gently raise your trembling heads,
 And with the same sweet smile look in our face,
 And breathe a richer perfume in return !
 Oh what deep lessons may we learn from you,
 Ye open books, bright with the light of God !

Night, with her solemn sister Silence, reigns;
 Her star-set banners she hath wide unfurl'd,
 Out-spreading them athwart a slumb'ring world,
 All mute as death, save Nature's melodies.
 But Beauty slumbers not, 'tis ever seen
 In all the works of the Omnipotent,
 Its voice is heard in softest melody ;
 While Philomela sweetly tells her tale
 In dulcet carols to the flow'rs and stars.
 'Tis heard in the rich rip'lings of the rill,
 That day and night still sings the same sweet song,—
 Pleasing, unchangeable monotony—
 Murm'ring its lucid path 'mong weeping flowers,
 That gently bow their odoriferous heads,
 And faintly touch its crystalline, fair face,
 And, trembling weep translucent drops of dew ;
 Whilst it reflects the grand God-written sky,
 With its rich wealth of pearls more thickly strewn
 Than summer daisies on the verdant mead :
 And beauty beams from those resplendent orbs,
 Lustrously bright with glory-gleams from heav'n,
 In yon cerulean domè, of deeper dye
 Than darkest sapphire, or sweet Spring's blue-bells ;
 And beauty falls in a resplendent stream
 From Cynthia's glowing face on sleeping earth,
 And doubly beautifies each beauteous spot.

The beautiful presents its smiling face
 Where'er the eyes may turn ; we ever greet
 With grateful heart this glorious work of God.
 Whether at morn's first blush or eve's decline,
 Or when grand Night in loveliness appears,
 It sparkles still above, beneath, around.
 We thank Thee for the beautiful, great God,—
 For life would be a dark and dismal dream
 Without this fairest workmanship of Thine.
 It constitutes a part of all below,
 It fills and mantles everything above,
 Yea, all is it, for all is beauty there :
 We need no voice to say it sprang from Thee,
 For Thou art beauty, grandest beauty all.
 Earth is more heav'ly during solemn Night,
 Than when th' irradiating golden orb
 Floods it resplendently with dazzling light ;
 A deeper, holier, hallow'd loveliness
 Presideth o'er the world while midnight reigns ;
 For to my mind a holy influence

Is sweetly falling with the silv'ry light,
 That rains from those bright companies of stars ;
 And heav'n seems nearer and more sacred now,
 While angels' eyes are calmly gazing down,
 Watching a beautiful, though fallen world,
 Filling the heart with awe at each rich glance—
 Causing proud man to bend his knees in prayer,
 And praise the Author of such loveliness ;
 For He is worthy of the heart's sole love ;
 Its deepest adoration e'er should flow
 In a continuous, unceasing stream,
 Unto the One who causes it to beat,
 And feel such thrills of glowing ecstasy,
 Whilst gazing on His works magnificent.

* * * * *

* A star hath left its heav'nly realms of blue,
 And lightning-like descendeth from its home,
 Parting the still air with a trail of light,
 Leaving a golden track of glowing rays :
 Brighter and brighter to the view it grows,
 As nearer it approaches to our world,—
 A globe of splendour falling through vast space ;
 And as I strive to follow with my sight
 The downward motion of this falling star,
 Lo, it assumes a shape angelical,
 All radiant with its heav'nly attributes,
 With glory crown'd, robed with the light of God.
 Nearer and nearer still he wings his flight,
 Raining a show'r of splendour o'er the earth ;
 My vision blinded with the brilliancy,
 I tremblingly avert my aching eyes,
 Shading them from the overpow'ring sight.
 Hark ! what celestial music strikes my ear ?
 'Tis the sweet sound of the majestic wave
 Of his seraphic pinions, and I feel
 A spirit-thrilling flash of living light
 Fall on my upturn'd face at each rich gush
 Of that melodious music. As I strive
 To ope my longing eyes the brightness grows
 Intensely brighter, and the melody
 Nearer and nearer flows, till I am bathed
 In the resplendency, and my rapt soul
 Seems floating in a sea of liquid light.
 Oh, blessedness ! I feel his piercing gaze ;

* Some of the following lines appear in "The Eternal," but are introduced here in order to render the present piece more complete.

It purifies my soul, inspires my mind,
 Divests my heart of all its earthliness,
 Etherealizes, strengthens, sanctifies ;
 Illuminating with translucent rays
 The shades of darkness, till my being grows
 Bright, clear, and holy, as a sin-freed soul.

The veil withdrawn, my vision purified,
 I now can look undazzled on the face—
 The angel-face, suffused with light and love,
 Benignly bent upon my countenance.—
 Oh that I could for ever gaze as now—
 For ever feel those glances beam from eyes
 Of star-like splendour—ever still behold
 That noble, spiritual, God-like form !
 Oh, 'tis a glimpse of heav'n, a foretaste here
 Of those unequal'd raptures death reveals !
 My full heart throbs with exquisite delight,
 Ecstatic flows the life-stream through my veins,
 I tremble with the highest happiness,
 And at each gaze I drink in deepest draughts
 Of admiration, wonder, love, and awe,
 Sublimely blended in one glowing stream.
 Earth, what are all thy transitory joys,
 Placed in comparison with what I feel
 At this blest moment ?—to return the gaze
 Of one whom God Himself hath smiled upon !
 Oh, I must break this blissful spell with words,
 Or I shall die with joy ere I attain
 The consummation of my great desire !
 Speech feebly rises to my trembling lips,—
 With falter'ring voice imploringly I cry,
 “ Angel of light ! bright spirit from the skies !
 Oh, for one moment list to my request,
 And let me not beseech thine aid in vain :
 Up-bear me on thy pinions far above,
 To that sweet home of love and happiness
 Where He, my Maker, dwells, who is all Love,
 All Peace, all Truth, all Light, all Loveliness ;
 The Spring of purest bliss, the Source of joy,
 The Glorifier and the Glorified.
 Bear me away to that beatic clime,
 Reveal the glories veil'd from mortal view ;
 Oh let me hear the heav'n-resounding lays
 Hymn'd unto God in seraph-tones like thine !
 My spirit yearns but for one glimpse of heav'n—
 One moment, but one moment to be there,

And I should live a thousand years of bliss
 In that bright, fleeting interval of time.
 I've nought wherewith to recommend this wish,
 Nought worthy thy acceptance in reward,
 Save heartfelt gratitude and fervent thanks ;
 In these I'm rich ; these thou shalt gladly have.
 My heart is fired with this intense desire ;
 Oh, thwart it not ; see how my whole form throbs,
 Longing for droopless pinions like to thine,
 So that through boundless space my soul may soar
 Higher and higher still, through yon blue veil
 Into the Presence of thy God and mine.
 Thy pinions are outspread ; before thee lies
 That yet fair pathway, brightly traced by thee
 In thy descent. I pray ascend it now,
 And bear me with thee to thy heav'nly home!"

He grasps my trembling form, expands his wings,
 And reascendeth through the solemn air,
 Which ev'ry movement of his pinions fills
 With heav'nly music and with golden light.
 Up through the vast immensity of space
 We swiftly go ; the hush'd earth lies beneath :
 How grand, how beautiful it now appears !
 Its grassy carpet spread before my view ;
 Its mighty forests ; rivers rolling on
 To boundless ocean, whose majestic waves
 Heave with the mingled wealth from ev'ry clime ;
 Its mountains crown'd with everlasting snows,
 Magnificently tow'ring to the sky ;
 These, and innumerable other scenes,
 Fast fade away the higher we ascend.

We rise to worlds of mightier magnitude ;
 And as I cast my wonder-stricken gaze
 Down to the earth,—behold ! a globe it hangs
 In the infinity of solemn space :
 And still it smaller grows, and lessens, till
 A solitary star it faintly gleams—
 A small speck in the everlasting void ;
 While all around me roll irradiant worlds,
 To which yon dwindled earth seems nothing now.
 Higher and higher still he wings his flight,
 While glowing planets flash in grandeur by,
 And lose themselves in distant realms of space ;
 A star each first appear'd, and then a globe,
 And vaster grew and magnified itself
 Until a glorious world it was reveal'd.

Oh mighty Power, how wonderful, how great,
Stupendously mysterious, to create
All this—and more ; for as we higher rise,
Ten thousand times ten thousand myriads more
Star-like begem the darkness with their light.

The angel, still upon untiring wings
Sustain'd by heav'nly and increasing strength,
Soars upward to his native home on high.
The brighten'd space around more brightly glows,
And my thrill'd soul with trembling rapture feels
It is the light of heav'n. Th' effulgence streams
In floods around me, like a silv'ry sea,
Drowning the starry worlds, and filling space
With purest and unclouded brilliancy.
We float through regions of resplendent light,
Whose brightness ev'ry moment brighter grows ;
We're robed with splendour, and the angel's head
Is wreathed with glory—a bright crown of light,
A golden halo round a spotless brow.
Like distant music from a multitude
I faintly hear the harmonies of heav'n ;
And still as we soar higher, the strange strains
Grow grander, louder, more distinctly clear :
We breathe an atmosphere of melody.
Space and its rolling orbs lie far beneath,
Nought is around us but resplendent light,
Heaving with throbs of music. Higher still
The angel speeds his ever-onward course—
Oh, glorious, glorious scene !—the air is fill'd
With angel throngs, and from their lips and harps
Flow blended melodies of praise ; and now
My guide joins his exultant song with theirs.
We're mounting to the Throne, the Throne of God
O'erclouded with the shades it casts around,
So radiant is it with transcendent light
From the Eternal King who sitteth there.
My spirit trembles with deep, solemn awe
As nearer to the sacred spot we comè.
Innumerable seraphs in white robes—
The blissful robes of immortality—
With crowns of glory sparkling on their heads,
And palms of viet'ry waving in their hands,
Strike simultaneously their golden harps,
And pour forth one celestial harmony ;
While the eternal realms reverberate
With the deep echoes of their joyful song :

"Blessing, and glory, wisdom, power, and praise,
Thanksgiving, honour, might, and majesty
Be unto God for ever, and for ever."

And as they sing their mingling melody,
They fall before the Throne and worship God.

Around, above, beneath, upon the King
All glories are combined—from Him they spring,
He is their quenchless Fount, their Life, their All.
A glorious halo crowns the Deity,
A fadeless wreath around th' eternal God.
His dazzling eyes are like bright flames of fire,
His countenance more clear than cloudless day,
And far more spotless than unsullied snow ;
Whiter than wool His head and hair appear ;
There crowns on crowns in glorious grandeur glow,
For He is King of kings—oh, glorious crowns,
Now ye are honour'd and not honouring.
Around His waist a golden girdle's clasp'd ;
He's cloth'd with a vesture dipp'd in blood,
Descending to His splendour-sparkling feet ;
And there, upon that ever-blessed robe,
Is written, "King of kings, and Lord of lords."
Around the great white Throne a rainbow rests,
Like to an emerald ; and from the Throne
Proceedeth vivid lightnings' dazzling flash,
While mighty voices, blent with thunderings,
Are solemnly reverberating there.

* * * * *

THE CRUCIFIXION.

DARKNESS envelopes solemn Calvary—
Deep darkness at mid-day, for the bright sun,
Unwilling to behold its Maker die,
In sombre clouds now hides its sorrowing face,
Veiling its glory from the wond'ring world.
Th' astonish'd earth is struck with shiv'ring awe ;
The veil of Israel's temple rends in twain,
Revealing the most holy place to eyes
That ne'er before beheld its sanctity.
The vivid lightnings, like a fiery stream,
Dart wildly, widely down the darken'd air ;
Loud thunders roll around the solemn scene
In deaf'ning answer to the lightning's fire.

The rocks, as if in pain, asunder burst ;
 The graves give up their dead, who glide along,
 'Mid murky twilight, through the silent streets.
 There on the Tree of Shame the Lord is pierced ;
 Upon His head is placed a crown of thorns ;
 Large drops of blood are streaming down His brow :
 In words of prophecy He loudly cries
 "Eli, Eli, lama sabacthani."
 His pallid lips are parch'd with burning heat ;
 Faint with the pierc'ing pain, He cries, "I thirst."
 They bring Him wine and myrrh ; He scarcely tastes,
 But in full consciousness endures the woe.
 One struggle more, in which He gathers up
 The strength that makes atonement, and He cries
 "'Tis finish'd. I have done Thy will, O God !
 Into Thy hands my spirit I commend."
 He bows His head, and thus gives up the ghost.

FEAR NOT.

On ye who on the sea of Life,
 Shrouded with clouds and tempest-toss'd,
 Surrounded with the beating waves,
 Despairing, deem that all is lost ;—

 Whose hearts are full of phantom-fears,
 Whose ev'ry joy seems ever flown,
 Whose course is dark as starless night,
 Where once the elicering sunbeams shone ;—

Arouse ye from your moody thought !
 Awake ye from your lethargy !
 Erect in form and firm in mind,
 And strong in purpose, true and high,—

Fear not the clouds, but dare the storm ;
 Press onward through the heaving tide ;
 Conquer the waves, repel Despair,
 Be Faith for ever at your side.

Then all the clouds shall roll away,
 The stormy hillows will subside,
 And Night will change to brightest Day,
 As o'er the sea ye gently glide.

TO LADY——.

Oh bright as the smiles of a golden-hued morning,
 And sweet as the flow'rs of the beautiful May ;
 Oh, fairer than visions soft slumber adorning ;
 More glad than the soaring lark's jubilant lay ;
 Out-shining the summer with loveliness beaming,
 Were the mornings that rose so cloudless on me ;
 And brighter than sunset with magic hues streaming,
 Were the swift ev'ning hours, while conversing with thee.

Then earth seem'd a heav'n, and my soul leap'd with gladness ;
 Life changed from dark winter to bright sunny spring ;
 In streams of deep rapture I drown'd all my sadness ;
 Joys fluttered around me on radiant wing.
 Thy beautiful image I'll evermore cherish :
 'Tis shrined in the innermost depths of my heart ;
 There, there 'tis engraven, oh, never to perish ;
 Nor even at Death shall its impress depart !

A THANKSGIVING AND A PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY God, I thank Thee for the gift of Poesy ;—
 Accept the humble praise and prayer I offer unto Thee ;
 My heart o'erflows with gratitude, that fills mine eyes with tears,
 To Thee will I devote my powers throughout my future years.

I thank Thee for the thoughts that come and glow within my
 mind,
 And for the varied loveliness in all Thy works I find ;
 I thank Thee for the bliss I feel when beauty meets my view,
 Whose radianee brightens land and sea, and gems the bound-
 less blue.

I thank Thee for the life Thou'st given ;—oh, may I live for
 Thee !

Give me the power to sound Thy praise through Immortality ;
 Illuminate my darker'd soul, fill it with dazzling light,
 Irradiate it with Thy beams—glories divinely bright.

With trembling voice, with claspèd hands, knees bent in fer-
 vent prayer,
 And supplianting eyes upturn'd unto Thy home so fair ;
 In broken aeents, Lord, I pray, oh pour Thy light within,
 So that its saered radiance may drown each shade of sin.

Oh, make me like unto Thyself,—true, holy, just, and-mild,
 Blest with a strong and soaring mind, yet humble as a child ;
 Oh, for the sake of Thy great Name, most earnestly I pray,
 Illume my mind till it beeomes,bright in Thy bright'ning Day!

Give me the gift of Poesy—the rieh, the glorious gift,
 As wealthy as it was of old—so that I may uplift
 My grateful voice in praise to Thee, in strains that will not die,
 But whose young melodies shall live as long as yonder sky.

Oh, Thou didst bless those holy bards who lived in days of yore,
 Those Prophets of Thy precious Book, bright lights on Time's
 dark shore,
 Whose harps seem'd dropp'd by seraphim from heaven's
 tuneful bowers,
 And fell into their trembling hands wreathed with fair fade-
 less flowers.

Oh, lend me for a little while, a narrow space of time,
 One from the myriad golden harps swept in yon upper clime,
 Whose ever-sounding strings are toueh'd by angels' tireless
 fingers—
 E'en now, while heav'n's exultant song within its chords
 still lingers !

Let me awaken from those chords a grateful song to Thee
 Of mingled prayer, and thankfulness, a heartsung melody ;
 Oh, let me sweep the poet's lyre with strength that will not
 wane,
 A world-awak'ning song of fire, a spirit-thrilling strain.

My whole soul longs, prays, pants, and burns, to claim
 sweet Poesy ;
 To feel the overpowering joy, dearer than all to me ;
 To have the consciousness of power to sound my Maker's praise,
 And pour the tribute to Thy Name through all my future days.

Almighty God, I thank Thee for the spark I now possess ;
 But humbly I implore, my mind still further bless ;
 Kindle the spark into a flame, an aye-increasing flame,
 That I may raise a worthier song to Thy eternal Name.

Oh, cause the world to listen to the music of my lyre !
 Oh, let its ev'ry melody be warm with heav'ly fire !
 Say but the word, and it is done in answer to my thought—
 Yea, even less, far less than this, and the desire is wrought.

The stars are gazing on me as I raise my tearful eyes,
And look in awe and wonder upon the beaming skies ;
They are raining their calm lustre upon the slumb'ring earth,
And soothe my heart with thoughts and hopes that claim
celestial birth.

Yes, Thou can'st fill my ardent mind with purest rays of
light ;

I ask not for Fame's starred crown to fill me with delight,
But I ask for power to praise Thee of whom, to whom, are
all,

And on Thy all-inspiring Name for inspiration call.

Oh, wake within my waiting soul the powers of Poesy,
That I may pour my grateful thanks in deathless lays to
Thee—

Praise Thee on earth, and when my soul from all below shall
sever,

Praise Thee above, in realms of love, for ever and for ever.

THE ROSES.

THE roses' sweet dewdrops beam sparklingly bright,
For scraps have kindled the stars in the sky,
And Cynthia is lovingly smiling to-night,
And her crystalline rays on the fair flowers lie.
Oh, some are as white as the tender moonlight,
And some like the blush of the sunset bright ;
While hues of rich lustre in others unite,
And in beauty and loveliness gracefully vie.

They bloom by the fountain, and list to its song,
As it mirrors the gems upon night's azure veil ;
While Philomel's music steals softly along,
As it pours to sweet Zephyr a love-laden tale.
The lay of the warbler, the sigh of the breeze,
Melodiously float through the blossoming trees ;
While the fountain is fringing the quivering leaves,
As the flowers' fresh fragrances float through the vale.

There are garlands and jewels above and below—
O'er the sapphirine sky, in the beauty-blest bow'rs ;
Oh, gloriously grand they glitter and glow,
Like flow'rs in the heav'ns, and like stars on the flow'rs.
Tiaras of dewdrops enwreathe the rich roses,
Where the smile of fair Flora in sweetness reposes ;
While the breeze with a soft kiss a red bloom uncloses,
Which blossoms the brightest and best in the bow'rs.

TRANSLATIONS.

From the Greek.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

UNA PARS.

CANST thou point out to me but one career
Which man may follow free from trouble here ?
In politics deceit and strife abound,
And discord in domestic life is found :
The farmer's care and labour never cease ;
The merchant, fearing shipwreck, finds no peace :
The traveller, if rich, must live in dread,—
If poor, contempt will fall upon his head.
Anxiety comes with the wedded state,
Yet celibacy leaves us desolate ;
So children prove a burden to the mind,
But childless people leave no trace behind ;
While thoughtlessness oft mars our youthful years,
And imbecility in age appears.
I would, had I been able to decide,
Never have lived, or in my childhood died.

ALTERA PARS.

In each career we may, if so inclined,
Some good to balance ev'ry evil find.
In politics obtain we fame and pow'r,
And in domestic life the quiet hour :
The farmer's toil by harvest is repaid,—
The merchant's fortune by the ocean made :
If rich, the trav'ller information gains,—
If poor, his poverty unscann'd remains.
In matrimony sympathy we share,
And celibacy leaves us void of care ;
So children plant affection in the heart,
Yet childless people have a lighter part ;
While health and vigour bless our youthful years,
And in old age sagacity appears.
Oh, rather far, had choice been left to me,
I would have lived, and still would living be.

EPIGRAM.

ENJOY thy wealth, as if this day
 Would finish thy career ;
 Yet husband it, as thou wert sure
 Of living many a year.
 The wise man sets a medium prudently
 Betwixt extravagance and penury.

—o—

From the Latin.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

[HORACE.]

THROUGH life, Lieinius, you will safer steer,
 By neither sailing always on the main,
 Nor keeping to the dangerous coast too near,
 Dreading the hurricane.

Whoe'er is to the golden mean disposed,
 Would shun the meanness of a crumbling cell,
 Nor in a lordly residence, exposed
 To envy, would he dwell.

More frequently before the tempest bends,
 The lofty pine ; a heavier ruin smites
 The highest tow'rs ; the flaming lightning rends
 The cloud-veil'd mountain-heights.

Hope in distress, fear in prosperity,
 Within a duly-temper'd breast abides.
 The Power that sends us winter's gloom, is He
 Who summer's light provides.

Ill will depart, though for awhile it makes
 Its stay with us. With accents sweet and low
 The peaceful lyre at times Apollo wakes,
 Nor always bends his bow.

Amid tempestuous troubles, oh be strong
 And brave of heart :—and so, when prosp'rous gales
 With swollen canvass bear your barque along,
 Wisely contract the sails !

From the Provincial.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

[BERNARD RASCAS.]

ALL earthy things must one day pass away,
But not the love of God, which lives for aye.
Our bodies to the worms shall offer food ;
The fresh and tender green shall leave the wood ;
The forest-birds shall cease to sing their lays,
The gentle nightingale his voice to raise :
The cattle on the mead, the white-clad sheep,
Shall feel Death's pointed arrows enter deep :
The rav'rous wolf, fierce boar, and subtle fox,
The stag, the goat, the chamois of the rocks,
The savage bear, shall moulder into dust.
Dolphin, and whale, each ocean-monster must
Waste into slime : so every race and realm,
Monarch and noble, Death shall overwhelm.
While, Scripture tells, this earth so widely spread,
Shall, with the star-lit firmament o'er-head,
Dissolve, and lose its form :—all pass away,
But not the love of God, which lives for aye.

—o—

From the German.

FANCY.

THOUGH my dwelling-place be narrow,
Yet I have the gift of Fancy,
 Op'ning all the world to me,
With the wonders it possesses,
On the heights, and in the hollows,
 And within the rolling sea.

On the loftiest mountain-summits
She can sit with lordly eagles,
 Gazing on the orb of day :
She can lurk within the caverns,
High above whose roaring waters
 Crystal domes hang in array.

She can wander with the tempest,
 Tread where wave on wave is pressing
 Wildly on the boundless deep ;
 And descend to its abysses,
 Where the sharks amid the branches
 Of the coral calmly sleep.

She can thread the crag-wall'd passes,
 Linger where the storm-lash'd torrents,
 Fierce with anger, loudly roar ;
 'Neath the palm-trees, too, can ramble,
 Where through ever-verdant foliage
 Sunbeams soften'd lustre pour.

Musing, she directs her footsteps
 Through those far-extending regions
 Where the sun exhausts the wells,
 Where the winds scorch like a furnace,
 And upon the fiery sand-waste
 Death-like Silence ever dwells.

Joyfully she waves her pinions
 Where the rivers by the vine-hills
 Richly-laden vessels bear ;
 While the corn waves in the valleys,
 And the deer leap in the forest,—
 Labour stirring everywhere.

Grandly by Thy Word, Creator,
 Is this earth of ours embellish'd,—
 And my own I call the earth ;
 For the pow'r to me is given
 Which enables me unfetter'd
 To enjoy its wond'rous worth.

THE FLOWERET.

THROUGH the wide forest
 At leisure I went ;
 Nothing to seek for,
 Then had I intent.

In the shade saw I
 A flow'ret arise,
 Beaming like starlets,
 And lovely as eyes.

I went to pluck it,
 It whisper'd to me,
 " Shall I to wither
 Be broken by thee ?

Up then I took it,
 The rootlets and all,
 Bore to the garden
 That flow'ret so small.

There I replanted
 It, in a still place :
 Now again blooms it,
 And growtheth apace.

THE WANDERER'S NIGHT-SONG.

[UHLAND.]

O'ER shrouded earth I journey far ;
 No light is there from moon or star,
 The wind is blowing cold.
 Oft have I trod these weary miles
 When shed the sun his golden smiles,
 And whisp'ring zephyrs stroll'd.

I pass the gloomy garden by ;
 The bare trees sadly moan and sigh,
 As down their dead leaves fall.
 Communing with my Love I roam'd
 Hero often, when the roses bloom'd,
 And love pervaded all.

The sunshine now has pass'd away,
 The roses fallen to decay,
 My Love a grave has found.
 O'er shrouded earth I journey on,
 While tempests rage, and light is gone,
 And wrap my mantle round.

A NEW-YEAR'S LAY.

[LANGBEIN.]

OUT of heaven's starlit halls
 Comes there forth a glad New-Year,
 And from ev'ry side resound
 Prayers and wishes in his ear.

WANT complains : " My drink is water,
 Bread as hard as stone is mine :
 Like rieh epicures, oh, give me
 Dainty fare and gladd'ning wine ! "

AV'RICE cries : " I eannot rest,—
 After gold I still must strive :
 Let my idol in the chest
 Ever flourish ever thrive ! "

Says AMBITION : " I am struggling
 Up the mountain-height of pow'r ;
 To a station more exalted
 Raise me with thy ev'ry hour ! "

SELFISHNESS entreats : " Give all—
 Give, give ev'rything to me !
 Care not for the throng around,—
 Mine let all thy presents be ! "

FRIENDSHIP prays : " Be thy best treasures
 To my faithful friend supplied !
 For myself demand I nothing,
 So that nought is him denied."

And we others all beseech :
 " Give each dweller on this sphere,
 In the palae or the eot,
 Happiness throughout the year ! "

THE WAVE.

[TIEDGE.]

" WHITHER, thou troubled wave
 Whither so quiek away,
 As if in search of prey ? "

“ I am Life’s turbid wave,
 Impure with river clay ;
 I hasten from the press
 Of this small stream, to lave
 In ocean-boundlessness,
 And free me from the slime
 Brought from the shores of Time.”

THE SOUL OF LOVE.

[SALIS.]

WHERE dwells the soul of Love ?
 It dwells in tree and flow’r :
 The buds, when sweetly parting,
 And into blossoms starting,
 Proclaim its magic pow’r.

Where dwells the soul of Love ?
 In sunset’s glow it dwells,
 And down in shaded valleys ;
 With butterflies it sallies
 Forth from their gloomy shells.

Where dwells the soul of Love ?
 It thrills the maiden’s breast ;
 Upon her cheek it blushes,
 And in her soft song gushes,
 To cheer the heart oppress’d.

Where dwells the soul of Love ?
 In fire, and wind, and wave ;
 It breathes through all creation,
 Pervades all animation,
 Lives even in the grave.

Where dwells the soul of Love ?
 Throughout the universe :
 Sun, moon, and stars effuse it ;
 And earth, were she to lose it,
 In chaos would disperse.

MY FRIENDLY HOST.

[UHLAND.]

I KNOW a host extremely kind,
 And lately was his guest :
 A golden apple was his sign,
 That on a bough did rest.

It was the friendly Appletree,
 This worthy host of mine ;
 And dainty fare he gave to me,
 With drink as good as wine.

Beneath his verdant shelter came
 Full many a happy guest,
 Who merrily kept holiday,
 And sang with hearty zest.

On tender grass, for soothing rest,
 I found an ample bed ;
 For covering, mine host himself
 His shade above me spread.

The morn, I ask'd what was to pay,—
 He only shook his head :
 The sweetest sunshine, softest rain,
 Be ever o'er him shed !

FAREWELL!

[UHLAND.]

FAREWELL! farewell, my love !
 To-day, alas ! we sever.
 One kiss, one kiss bestow,—
 The last, perhaps, for ever !

One blossom, but one blossom,
 Pluek from thy fav'rite tree ;
 For fruit, for fruit I wait not,—
 I leave it all to thee !

THOUGHTS.

GOOD deeds in the grave ne'er lie,
 Evil actions cannot die ;
 These by infamy survive,
 Those by fame are kept alive.—[LOGAU.]

WHO threatens from without,
 Is thy least enemy :
 Who in thy bosom dwells,
 Can do more injury.—[TSCHERNING.]

RETURN not evil when thy foes assail ;
 So over self and them thou wilt prevail.—[Ibid.]

THY life be such as, when death summons thee,
 Thou wouldest desire thy life had been.—[GELLERT.]

—o—

From the Swedish.

TO-NIGHT.

THE clouds on high conceal the sky,
 My love, to-night, and veil the light
 Of moon and star ;
 Yet deep there lies in thy blue eyes
 A hue more bright ; they shed a light
 More radiant far.

No zephyrs soft their fragrance waft,
 Nor bear along the tuneful song
 Of joyous birds.
 Than zephyrs are, thy breath is far
 More sweet to me, with melody
 Of loving words.

Cold is the air, the boughs are bare ;
 The silent grove, where'er we rove,
 Is wrapt in gloom.
 Thy heart is warm, and fair thy form,
 My love, my light ! and thou art bright
 With vernal bloom.

From the Danish.

TO SWEDEN.

[PARAPHRASED FROM HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.]

LAND of feelings deep and strong,
 Land of sweet pathetic song,—
 Land where clear streams glide along,
 Where the wild swans sing,—
 Where the beech-woods scent the gale,
 Where fair flow'rets paint the vale,
 Where the whisp'ring zephyrs sail,
 Gently journeying.

Land of lakes so calm and deep,
 Land where pine-trees crown each steep,
 Land where laughing rivers sweep,
 Sparklingly along,—
 Land of mountains, grand, sublime,
 Spirit-haunted, holy clime,
 Thou shalt live as long as Time,—
 Glorious Sweden land of song !

—o—

From the Italian.

THE LYRE.

[CHIABRERA.]

LOVE, when he would hear me sing,
 Takes his bow—the cruel thing—
 Flies to Amarilla's eyes,
 And while there he lurking lies,
 With a glance of hers for dart
 Shoots, and wounds me in the heart.

Soon as I receive the blow,
 With my lyre instead of bow—
 While Apollo, my ally,
 Doth the sweetest notes supply—
 I assault the maiden's heart,
 Who provided love the dart.

Not the learned doctor's skill,
 Not the potent magic pill,
 When sweet beauty wounds the heart,
 Ever can relief impart :
 Solace may alone be found
 In the lyre's delicious sound.

THE BOY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

[ROSSI.]

A ROVING butterfly
 Is flitting to and fro,
 Now rapidly and high,
 Now tardily and low,
 In errant passage over
 A blooming field of clover.

A boy, with longing gaze,
 The roving insect views,
 And through its devious ways
 He hastily pursues,
 Till, on a bloom reposing,
 The butterfly seems dosing.

Then softly, silently,
 To it the boy draws near ;
 His heart beats hurriedly
 With mingled hope and fear ;
 His cheeks the rose resemble,
 His feet beneath him tremble.

With eager hand the bloom
 He grasps impetuously,
 And with its sweet perfume
 The heedless butterfly :
 So tightly he enfolds it,
 'Tis dying as he holds it.

Fill'd with a thousand joys,
 He loudly from their play
 Summons the other boys
 Immediately away,
 To share with him the pleasure
 Of gazing on his treasure.

The lovely majesty
And beauty of his prize
He wishes all to see :
There with expeetant eyes
They stand ; but still he lingers,
Nor yet unlocks his fingers.

Meanwhile each lustrous hue,
The purple and the gold,
The wings that lightly flew,
And o'er the meadows stroll'd,
Untiringly he praises
In many sounding phrases.

At length he can deeide
The captive to display :
His hand he opens wide—
Lo ! there, to his dismay,
A little dust is lying—
A worthless grub is dying !

* * * *

Soon from the butterfly had fled
The beauty so much coveted,
When in the boy's hand press'd :
So what we eagerly desire,
Alas ! leaves nothing to admire
Ofttimes, when once possess'd

BEAUTY.

[PARAPHRASED FROM AN EPIGRAM OF LEMENO.]

GREW a rose-tree by a brook,
Grew so close that it could look
On its charms refleeted there—
Contemplate its beauties rare,
Leaf and flow'r and tender bud,
Traeing in the mirror-flood.
Came an angry breeze along,
Came impetuous and strong,
Scatter'd all the roses' bloom,
Reckless of their sweet perfume.
By the current borne away,
Soon the drifting flow'rs deeyay,
And beneath the gliding wave
Sink into an early grave.
Ah ! that Beauty oft should flee,
Like the roses on that tree.

From the Spanish.

THE TREE OF HOPE.

[MARTINEZ.]

AT the foot of a cradle growing
Is Hope's aspiring tree,
And it bends when the breeze is blowing,
Like grass upon the lea.

Peradventure one moment sees it
Caress'd by zephyrs soft ;
But more frequently north-winds freeze it,
And south-winds parch it oft.

Though it grows up and blossoms fairly,
Its fruits are few and small ;
For the sweet buds appear too early,
Untimely die, and fall.

And when higher its boughs are rising,
They greater perils meet,
As the cedar-tree, earth despising,
Encounters storm and heat.

Now alights on its lordly summit
The eagle on his way,
While the insects and worms o'ercome it,
Sapping its life away.

As its roots are in earth descending,
Its branches spreading wide,
In a sheltering shade extending,
Death fells it in its pride.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

[MARTINEZ.]

WHITHER goest, cruel boy,
With that nest—thou full of joy,
While the captives in thy prize
Utter loud and mournful cries ?
But a moment were they left
By their mother, now bereft,

While she went in search of food
 For her darling infant brood.
 Hear how pitously she cries,—
 See how frantically she flies
 To and fro, from tree to tree,
 Here and there pursuing thee,
 Praying Heav'n to grant relief
 To a parent's bitter grief;
 While her little ones in vain
 Strive their freedom to regain.
 Boy, thou hadst a mother too,
 Taken early from thy view,
 Leaving thee on earth to mourn,
 Homeless, destitute, forlorn.
 Teardrops quickly to the eyes
 Of the orphan boy arise,
 And ashamed, confounded, he
 Leaves the nest upon the tree.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

[MARTINEZ.]

SOLE solace of man's many miseries,
 Sweet balsam for the wounded breast !
 Come, gentle Sleep ! and close my weary eyes
 In sorrow-soothing rest.
 Come, shadow-wing'd and silent deity !
 Upon my lonely couch alight,
 Where one time Happiness reposed with me,
 But Grief abides to-night.
 And while thy soft embrace enfolds my form,
 Lull'd by the rustling of the trees,
 And by the hollow murmur'ring of the distant storm,
 My heart shall be at ease.

* * * *

From the Portuguese.

MORTIS RATIO.

“ Oh, tell me why the old must die,
 And why must all grow old,
 To pass away to dark decay,
 And crumble into mould ;

While e'en the young must oft among
 The old to earth be borne,—
 So soon descend from ev'ry friend,
 And leave them here to mourn?"

"The old must go down, down below
 Into the yawning tomb,
 Because for all the world's too small—
 Their children want their room:
 And for this cause, by Nature's laws,
 Some young must also die;
 Else where were space in this small place,
 When men so multiply.

—o—

From the French.

A THUNDER-STORM.

[ST. LAMBERT.]

FROM the horizon two small clouds arise ;—
 They slowly meet together in the skies,
 And gradually blacken as they spread ;
 While distant thunder-claps are heard o'er-head,
 That agitate the air, disturb the seas,
 And make the leaves all quiver on the trees.
 The dread peals echo 'mid the mountain-steeps,
 Till nature, trembling at the uproar, weeps.
 But now a death-like calm gives short respite,
 And earth, in silence, listens with affright.
 Plains, mountains, woods, the vast expanse of blue,
 'Neath a black veil soon vanish from the view :
 The clouds grow thicker, others too appear,
 And weigh on the hot, breathless atmosphere.
 Now lightning-flashes cleave the darken'd sky,
 And thunder shakes the heavy mass on high :
 Flash after flash, peal after peal succeeds ;
 A more than midnight gloom incessant leads
 Unto a ghastly, fleeting kind of day.
 A fierce wind from the west joins in the fray,

And rushing o'er the plains, lays low the corn ;
 While clouds of dust, upon its wings upborne,
 Whirl round and round, in wild impetuous flight,
 Robbing the fields of their remaining light.
 The stricken people hear the church-bell's sound,
 To God's house gather from the homesteads round,
 And deprecate His wrath in humble prayer,
 Beseeching Him their food, their lives to spare.
 Alas ! the ice-balls fall from fiery heav'n,
 Crushing the grain already earthward driv'n.
 The clouds by wind and thunder now are torn ;
 The farmer views his wasted fruit and corn,
 And clasps his trembling children to his heart.
 The storm subsides : but foaming torrents start
 From cloud-robed mountains, with infuriate roar,
 And sweep the land of what was left before.
 The crops are all destroyed, or wash'd away,
 And a year's toil undone in one short day.

THE TEMPLE OF DEATH.

[HUBERT.]

FAR in the frozen ocean of the North,
 Where Sol his light reluctantly gives forth,
 Is a deep valley in a desert isle,
 Which never yet was blest with heaven's smile.
 Dead cypress-trees cumber the arid ground,
 Among whose boughs ill-omen'd birds abound :
 There none but deadly-pois'rous plants arise,
 And dreary winter ever shrouds the skies :
 The fields around, like untrimm'd graveyards grow ;
 Torrents of blood in place of rivers flow,
 Choked up with putrid corpses, paved with bones,
 Instead of murmur'ring, utt'ring hollow groans.
 Down in this valley, since the world was framed,
 Has stood a huge round temple, widely famed :
 East, west, north, south, erected by the Fates,
 Dividing earth, are massive iron gates ;
 At each throngs ever in a motley crowd,
 Alike of young and old, of base and proud ;
 Age, War, Disease, and Want, a trusty band,
 Untiring warders at these portals stand :
 While hosts of human woes keep guard around,
 In black robes clad ; and o'er the walls are bound
 Funereal palls, that trail upon the ground.

Torches of pitch, placed here and there on tombs,
Spread darkness in their suffocating fumes.
A senseless, sightless monster ever reigns
Despotic monarch of these drear domains ;
And every earthly thing that draweth breath
Must one day bow to him—his name is DEATH.

—o—

From the Welsh.

THE CAPTIVE'S SONG.

[AP EWAN.]

THOUGH strong and thick the granite wall
Of this round tow'r so high,
Where, in a dungeon dark and small,
A prisoner I lie :

Though fast retained, year after year,
By massive lock and key ;
I am not wholly captive here,—
My spirit still is free.

It soars beyond these iron bars,
Mounts to the azure dome,
And wanders where the radiant stars
Have their pavilion-home.

When warblers sing their morning lay,
It joins in their sweet song ;
And when they widely wing their way,
It flies with them along.

When goats on yonder mountain-steep,
That tow'rs amid the blue,
From erag to erag so fearless leap,
My spirit leapeth too.

Of human fellowship bereft
Though I may ever be,
Stars, mountains, goats, and birds are left
To bear me company.

END OF TRANSLATIONS.

EXTRACTS FROM A LECTURE

“On the Rise and Progress of Literature and Science in England.”

IT has frequently been observed, and past experience bears out the truth of the assertion, that hardly anything tends more to the improvement of mankind in the pursuit of knowledge, (except of course the direct acquirement of that particular branch of study to which we apply ourselves,) than the forming an acquaintance with the history of past times and sciences ; of the genius, the struggles, and final triumphs of scientific men. Their energetic perseverance, their noble self-denial, their difficulties, their disappointments, and their victories, make the reader burn with a feeling of emulation, and sustain his patience and encourage his perseverance in that pursuit, by the knowledge that others have passed through the same ordeal.

And now the lonely hermit in his woodland grot, and the solitary monk in his secluded cloister, felt, as well as the simple-minded Giotto, the transcendent Leonardo da Vinci, or the heavenly-minded Dante,—the philosopher skilled in all learned accomplishments, equally with the meditative peasant,—that the great prize upon earth, the real philosopher’s stone of the heart, is truth. This was the great secret of the age, the keystone to all the revolutions and changes of that mighty era.

From the first diffusion of the light of knowledge upon the obscurity of the dark ages in the days of the immortal Petrarch we may trace its gradual onward progress,—slow, but certain, in spite of every opposition,—breaking down every barrier to its triumphant march ; discouraged, indeed, at times, and beaten back, but only to burst out afresh with recovered and renewed strength.

The name of Edmund Spenser is associated in our minds with all that is pure and noble in our nature. The gentle fancies, the graceful simplicity, and above all, the exhaustless imagination of his writings, call forth our enthusiastic admiration, and invite us back to those “good old days,” when fairies and pixies roamed over the hills and dales of merry England. While the attention is rivetted to his simple tale, the mind cannot help being enchanted with the elegant and classic beauty of the verses. He is one of the foremost of those English bards, whose works, being full of real poetry, will lead the mind of man in advance of his age, and expedite in no small degree the arrival of his nature at excellence.

Although fancy is chiefly connected with mental unrealities, and can of itself bring no work to perfection—yet it shews its possessor to have an acuteness of genius to pierce the depths of mental darkness which exist around him, and in a measure to foresee the progress and full developement of metaphysical and philosophical science.

The days that can boast of the great Sir Isaac Newton possess a treasure which will not be sullied by number of years, nor grow out of date by the lapse of time. His many wonderful scientific discoveries, and particularly those connected with the laws of gravitation and the solar system, have done more for the elucidation and progress of scientific truth, have brought to light more of the secret powers of Nature, and established the present received theory on a firmer basis than those of any other philosopher either before or since his time, and earned for himself a renown imperishable as the laws he established.

During the present century the progress of knowledge in literature, and in artistic and scientific pursuits has been beyond all parallel. Both at home and abroad has the march of science maintained its onward course, until it has arrived at that degree of excellence which we now enjoy. Never did any other epoch in the world's history record so marvellous an improvement—both in giving birth to new inventions, and in bringing to perfection those conceived in an earlier age—as that of the nineteenth century. What are our extensive railroads, covering like vast network of iron the surface of the earth, and affording such extraordinary facility to commerce and to the traveller, the pleasure-seeker and the tourist ;—what is that subtle and mysterious agent which carries communications from one end of the world to the other, swift as the lightning's flash ; which arrests the criminal on his guilty way, and enables men to converse together though the ocean rolls between them ;—what are the vast improvements in those instruments, by means of which the human eye can penetrate into the starry sphere, and roam at will among the orbs of heaven ;—what are all those numerous and astounding discoveries in chemistry which have thrown such light over the whole field of science ;—what are the various and interesting theories connected with geological research, which discover to us so much of the nature of the earth on which we live, and the different races of living creatures who have inhabited it ; what are these, and many more which might be mentioned, but certain indications of the onward march of the light of truth and knowledge, and the rapid developement of the human mind, and the progress of man towards perfection.

There is one circumstance more, too important to be omitted; namely, the growing and increasing connection of religion with the advance of mental enlightenment—how with the increase of human learning the knowledge of God has kept pace. That science which has made known the existence of far-off lands, had not completed its work till it had carried the missionary there, and unfurled beside the ensign of England the banner of the cross.

This is a fact which cannot, must not, be overlooked in the history of our country. She is destined to fulfil a high and mighty purpose, to mould the minds of millions who shall hereafter spring from the colonies, and of generations yet unborn in lands where as yet no holy fane has reared its head towards heaven: and who shall be responsible for them but herself?

Let us then, as individuals, exert ourselves, (and may the nation as a body exert itself also), that our conduct may be such as to advance the glory of God, and the present and future welfare of mankind, establishing everywhere the principle announced at the advent of our Redeemer—"Peace on earth and goodwill towards men."

THOUGHTS AND FRAGMENTS.

KIND thoughts are flowers budding in the heart;
Kind actions are those flow'rs in fullest bloom.

IT is to the dark cloud that we are indebted for the Bow of Promise; and so it is often in the gloomy hour of adversity that God chooses to manifest Himself in a peculiar manner to His children. The gorgeous colours of the glorious rainbow are caused by the reflection of the sun's rays upon the falling rain: and some in hours of deepest sorrow, and amid fast falling tears, have felt a joy too deep for utterance, and with which "a stranger may not intermeddle."

THE pale, silvery snowdrop droops its pearly head, clad in the robe of Innocence, bearing to man its silent lesson of purity and humility.

BOOKS are deep fountains, of which we drink to gain strength and courage to encounter the stormy voyage of life. There we read of those who have manfully struggled with the billows of Time until the shores of Eternity were gained; and when we compare our troubles with theirs, it is like contrasting one thorn with a crown of thorns.

THE Past borne silently away upon the restless stream of Time, with its sorrowful look reproaches us for wasted hours. The Future comes with its countenance beaming with smiles, and as joyous as a bright spring morning; oh, may it not depart without blessing us.

THE morn ever succeedeth to the night, and the night to the morn; so sunshine and shadow alternately reign within the heart, like dream following dream in the labyrinthean chambers of slumber.

STARS are the sky's bright flow'rs ; they brighter shine
Upon a winter's night, compassioning
The dark, dull earth, that she hath sadly lost
Her lovely stars, the fair and gladd'ning flow'rs.

MEMORY is the spontaneous artist of the mind ; at a single thought her tablets glow with scenes which Time has long since buried in the grave of the Past.

THE soul is a ray of light streaming from Divinity.

OH, man, awake from thy slumber ! God has endowed thee with a mind ; He hath blessed thee with talents for which thou wilt have to render an account ; cultivate that mind, and employ those talents, for the present and eternal welfare of thy fellow-man. Demonstrate to the world that thou art, and to future generations that thou hast been ; let not thy name die with thee, and be buried in the grave of oblivion.

WE pine after the Future ; yet when it appears, how often do we wish it to depart ! We long for the eyes of a prophet, to pierce its mysteries ; but it is wisely ordained by a kind Providence that we should not know what we have to suffer and contend with.

AN ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

FATHOMLESS Ocean, grand, unbounded deep,
Far-spreading empire, changeless mystery,
Majestic mirror of unnumber'd worlds,
Thought-beaming impress of Divinity,
Wide-rolling voice of the Omnipotent,
Eloquent symbol of Eternity,
Nature's sublimest scene, her noblest page,
Where God has written down His deathless Name !
Unfetter'd freeman, joyous traveller,
E'er-reigning monarch, wealthy potentate ;
Thou hold'st the stores of nations in thy grasp ;
Thou art a glorious world within thyself :
Thy subjects numberless, unknown, unseen :
Thy sway resistless, vast, victorious ;
The waves thy weapons, crown'd with might and pow'r.
Thon art the tomb of thousands, whose wild dirge
Is loudly chanted by thy roaring winds.
Deep are the lessons thou hast taught to man,
Unconquer'd conqueror of yielding earth.
How grand thy voice, when 'mid the tempest's rage,
In awful anger, fierce with passionate wrath,
Thou roll'st thy deaf'ning answers to his shrieks,
And madly tossest to the rumbling clouds
Thy fragile toys, the living-freighted ships,
Till they are torn to pieces, and go down
With one despairing cry to thy dark depths,
While lightning-flames the solemn scene reveal.
Heedless of all the ties thy waves have rent,
Unmindful of the hearts made desolate,
The morrow's sunbeams find thee calm'd to smiles,
Joyous as ever, singing a sweet song,
While gentle breezes whisper unto thee.

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EACH moment I expected she would wing
Her glorious flight, and part the silver clouds,
She look'd as she were not of mortal mould.

TEARS are rich pearls ; the heart their ocean is ;
And Thoughts are divers to its secret depths.

PALE, thoughtful stars, how sorrowful ye look !
As if ye were the many wasted hours
My immortal soul hath lost, set in the sky
To gaze reproachfully upon me now.

DARK shadows tremble in the quiet pool,
Like troubled dreams in a fair sleeping form.

MUSIC's sweet strains steal through my lonely heart,
Unlock its fountains with their plaintive tones,
Until my ev'ry thought is drown'd in tears.

LIGHT hath conquered Darkness, and, overflowing with joy at her victory, she smiles upon the face of Nature until it becomes radiant with beauty. The birds awaken from their slumbers, and greet her with an universal song of praise.

RICH music floats in golden strains
From rose-enamell'd bow'r's,
And in deliciouſ melodies
Streams o'er the jewell'd flow'r's.
Sweet rose-buds part their ruby lips,
And ſip the pearly dew ;
While ſilv'ry gems in violets shine
Like tears in eyes of blue.

THE sunset of Hope hath faded away,
In the night of dark Despair.

MEMORY is full of joy and sorrow—one moment radiant with smiles, and the next moment clouded with sadness. The scenes she awakens steal o'er our senses like an unforgotten melody. She holds in her hands two vessels—one containing sweets and the other bitters ; and if we taste of the one, we must taste of the other also. She is constantly unfolding a panorama to our view, upon which are vividly depicted the scenes of our past lives ; and as they pass and repass before our eyes, they cause tears to spring from the heart until our sight grows dim, and we can gaze no longer.

WHO can gaze upon the roseate tints and dazzling splendour of the rising and setting sun without thinking of the Sun of Righteousness, whose heavenly rays gild and illuminate the celestial Kingdom.

A BRIGHT thought darted in my lonely heart,
Like a glad sunbeam in a darken'd room.

THE shadows tremble on the velvet sward,
And white clouds float across the azure dome ;
The trees wave to a whisp'ring melody.

NIGHT's silver lamps have burnt their glory out.

TRUTH is the imperishable impress of Divinity.

DEATH is commissioned to pluck the fairest flowers from the gardeu of earth, so that they may bloom in amarauthine bowers above.

UPON the garden of Gethsemane
 Fall agonizing drops of priceless blood,
 Rolling from the Redeemer's burning brow
 At dead of night—fit hour for such a scene,—
 As earnestly He prays, and prays again,
 And yet again, in fainting heaviness,
 With soul unstain'd, but sorrowful as death,
 That from His lips the bitter cup might pass,
 Of which He has to drink, and drain the dregs.

THE mystical twilight deepens,
 And the shadows darker grow,
 Till the stain'd and pictured casement
 Loses its crimson glow ;—
 Till the scenes on the ancient arras
 A sombre veil assume ;—
 Till the stern old warriors' portraits
 Fade away in the gathering gloom.

THE SUN.

WORLD-CHEERING smile of Deity, thou type
 Of the unsetting Sun of Righteousness ;
 Life-giving, earth-arousing, changeless king,
 Mute monarch, but in silence eloquent ;
 The heart of Nature, causing her rich blood
 Warmly to flow throughout her swelling veins ;
 The grand and glory-beaming face of day ;
 Bridegroom of Summer, Spring's and Autumn's friend,
 Old Winter's visitor.

WORDS of kindness life impart
 To the drooping, wither'd heart,
 Like to soft and gentle show'rs
 That refresh the thirsty flow'rs.

DAY hath died in glorious splendour ;
 And the starry-mantled Night
 Cometh from her eastern chamber,
 Robed magnificently bright ;
 And her veiled sister, Silence,
 Slowly stealeth by her side,
 In a solemn, nun-like beauty,
 Like a sorrow-laden bride.
 The pale lady-moon uprises
 From the calmly sleeping deep,
 And she hastes to bid them weleome,
 And her silent watch to keep.

HIS eyes are beaming with intelligence,
His thought-fired eloquence inspires the soul ;
In a resistless stream the language flows,
And boldly enters every hearer's heart.

THE waves leap with gladness at the beauty of the sunset, and murmur a lay to its loveliness.

LOVE is the fruit of heaven, the food of angels, and God is the Root from whence it springs.

THE rainbow beautifies the clouds,
And the clouds refresh the earth ;
And the fair young Spring, with her gentle voice,
Calls sweetest flowers to birth.

TIME has given birth to Futurity. Mantled in its mystic shroud, the Future steals through the opening portal of Life, and upon its shadowy brow glimmers its awe-inspiring name : but as nearer it approaches, it is gradually transformed into the active Present, and anon its thoughtful brow brightly sparkles with the spirit-thrilling characters. And now, like a spectre, it majestically glides away ; but as it turns to take a last farewell, lo ! its countenance is again changed, and around its mournful brow is wreathed the name of Past.

ALL is beautiful around ; the very fields
Seem to be clad in richer, brighter hues,
The birds to warble in more joyous tone,
The bee to murmur, and the stream to flow,
With sweeter music, as it were to greet
The cheerful sunshine of a Sabbath-day.

FRIENDSHIP is a bright sunbeam, gilding the clouds of adversity.

GREAT truths are inextinguishable beacons, kindled by the children of genius, to guide us over the billows of time.

How often are we found mourning over wasted moments, when we should be endeavouring to compensate for the moments lost by actively employing those that remain to us.

TEARS canot call thy Spirit back to earth ;
Sighs will not wake thee to a second birth :
E'en if I wept till sorrow's fount was dry,
E'en if my full heart heaved its every sigh,
Could these reanimate thy lifeless clay,
Could these bid Death resign his solemn sway ?
Ah, no ! my bitter tears and sighs are vain ;
They cannot call thee into life again.
Oh, sadd'ning thought, to think that thou should'st die,
When beauty's glance beam'd brightly from thine eye,—
Gather'd by Death when bursting into bloom,
And borne away to the cold, dreary tomb !

THE mournful bells of Memory are ringing into the ears of Conscience the deeds that Time has buried in the grave of the Past, and those sorrowful sounds strike the heart until the waters gush freely from it.

THE Day hath faded into Night ; the sky
Beams with the splendours of another world ;
Earth slumbers in the soothing arms of Silence.
I'm one step nearer to the voiceless grave ;
Another star hath faded from my sky ;
Life's rosary hath lost another bead.
Oh for a deep draught from dark Lethe's stream,
To drown my memory in forgetfulness !
The Present weepeth for the blissful Past,
And pale Thought trembles on its tott'ring throne :
My heart heaves with its anguish, and o'erflows ;
My burning brow throbs with its agony.
Man, bird, and beast have sunk to peaceful rest,
And yet I slumber not—I cannot sleep :
For Thought hath drawn the bow of Memory,
And the pain-poison'd arrow of Regret
Hath pierc'd and rankles in my aching heart.

THE flowers have wept themselves to sleep,
And tear-drops sparkle in their eyes.

Who would wish to mar the happiness of childhood ? Who would convert the genial smile which its features wear into an expression of sadness, or impress its bright and unclouded brow with a premature furrow of care ? If all the ardent wishes and desires which the soul can feel could be of any avail, no tear should wet its innocent cheek, nor its tender heart beat with an emotion of grief. The world will dart its arrows there soon enough : let it not be bared to receive them, or its sorrows be anticipated.

THE ROSE AND THE MAIDEN.

A SWEET rose in beauty and brightness was blooming,
When morn's golden sunbeams glanced over the mountain ;
And the murmuring breeze it was softly perfuming,
As dewy pearls fell in the lily-gem'd fountain.

But when the last sunbeams the broad West were dyeing
With radiant colours of crimson and gold,
The breeze for the death of that sweet rose was sighing ;
Its frail stem was snapp'd, and it lay on the mould.

A beautiful maiden arose in the morning,
A form of meek loveliness, full of delight ;
But when the sun's ev'ning beams earth were adorning,
They robed her dead form in a mantle of light.

THE mind of man is superior to every other work of creation, but in comparison with its Creator, the Source of truth and centre of perfection, it is as nothing, it is utter ignorance ; and the greatest prodigy of human erudition must confess all things loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Divine truth. Man, whose intellect can explore the wonders of the works of nature, and the organization of the material world, who can unfold the complicated mysteries of astronomy, and penetrate the depths of philosophy, fails, in the attempt to comprehend within the sphere of his mental vision the mysterious workings of Omnipotence. That knowledge is only to be attained in another, and more spiritual existence, and which the soul of man only becomes capable of

when it has left its frail tenement of mortality, and winged its mysterious flight along those unknown paths which lead to the footstool of the Eternal.

GREAT is the influence which one mind has upon another mind in this probationary state of existence, and greatly will that influence tell hereafter, in the unerring balances of eternal truth, to the honour or shame of him whose mind has influenced another's.

WE know from our intellectual capacities the high and noble instincts which animate our nature, and the strength and depth of our reasoning faculties, that we are not made for earth alone ; but as our minds can comprehend and aspire after a higher state of being, so our souls are susceptible of the possession and enjoyment thereof. Neither the things of the ideal nor the natural world can satisfy the desires, or fill the ambition, of the heart of man, because it is formed for the possession of things which here are not to be found, even for the vastness of eternity. Hence, the reason why man cannot be satisfied with anything he possesseth upon earth ; he may be full of all the pleasures, the enjoyments, and the riches of the world, but there will still remain in his longing soul a desire for something more, and that is the knowledge of God : it is this alone which can fill that "aching void," and satisfy the craving soul of man.

As the mind of man has a divine tendency, so every work of creation is of divine signification ; all "bespeak the work of an Almighty Hand," and shew the nobleness of man, and the exaltation of his nature by being made subservient unto him.

But man, though the noblest and greatest of the works of creation, is still but one of them ; and like him, all of them have their "times and seasons :" the departing and returning of the sun and moon—the falling of the leaves in Autumn, and their luxuriant reappearance in the Spring—the breaking in of the light of day, dispelling the shadows of nocturnal darkness—are but types and resemblances of the life of man. He appears beneath the firmament for a little time, full of life and activity : after a while he departs ; but like the withering flower, and the receding shadow, he is not gone never to return—he will live again, and in that second life will enjoy a more exalted existence, clothed in a more spiritual nature, and adorned with the garments of immortality.

So all things of this material world carry with them, as it were, the instruments of their own destruction, and the seeds of their reproduction ; and there is a fine analogy drawn by St. Paul between animal, and vegetable life when confuting the early sceptics on the doctrine of the resurrection : "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die ;" it, the outward body, decays ; but the germ, the inward principle of life, remains uncorrupted by the surrounding element. So it is with man ; the material parts decay ; but the soul sees no corruption ; the body "returns to the earth as it was ; the spirit unto God who gave it." But the analogy does not hold between the *decay* of plants, and the *death* of living creatures, because one of the things compared is void of what is chief in the other, namely, the power of perception.—See BUTLER'S ANALOGY, ch. i.

THE END.

NOTICES, AND LITERARY OPINIONS.

"I have, I assure you, read and *re-read* your very beautiful Poem 'The Immortal,' with the greatest pleasure. The language is chaste, and the sentiments truly religious. I am not in general very fond of Poetry, but I read yours with the *greatest pleasure*. Your 'Old Hall,' is beautiful."—EDMUND KNOX, Arehdeacon of Killaloe.

"Your Poetry has good points."—Rev. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

"I am much pleased with the poetic talent displayed in your pieces, and especially with the excellent spirit with which they are pervaded."—Rev. THOMAS HILL.

"Your Poem has afforded me great pleasure. I think that it possesses great genius, and is immeasurably superior to very much of the so-called poetry published now-a-days. This, however, I know, that it is a style and subject which I very much like to see. It displays an appreciation and keen perception of the beauties of external nature; also a mind deeply impressed with the loftier sublimities of the spiritual creation. 'The Old Hall' manifests depth of feeling, and is rich in pathos. Your gems upon 'Night' are very beautiful."—Rev. R. DUDDING.

"I have read your Poems with very great pleasure, especially that entitled 'The Old Hall,' which is extremely good."—Rev. FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, (Author of 'Poems,' &c.)

"Your Poems are very beautiful."—Dr. DAUBENY.

"I like them very much."—Rev. Dr. BARNES.

"I am much pleased with your Poem; it possesses moral excellencies, and altogether is very superior. You carry your reader through the fields of space, and regale the sight in your course; your fancy is bold, your conception magnificent, and your language beautiful."—Dr. HARBINGTON.

"Your pleasant harmonies betoken poetic taste and feeling. Many of the pieces bear marks of a creative and refined mind. 'The Old Hall' is a fine Poem, containing more true pathos than a hundred of the effusions of our would-be poets; and the prose sketches are beautiful. So many ask for attention as "poets" and "poetesses" in these days, that there is great danger of a fresh volume being shelved unread; I however trust your labours will be better rewarded; for if the pieces you kindly sent me are specimens of the forthcoming Volume, it will reward an attentive perusal."—Rev. F. J. PERRY, (Author of 'The Village,' 'Sodom,' &c.)

"The Divine Poem, 'THE IMMORTAL,' is hallowed with heavenly light, an inspiration of the soul to glorify the Most High, to commune with its Father and its God. It breathes a language beautiful, exalted, and sublime. I have just left the bed-side of a young lady who died repeating its beautiful verses. I would say to the Author, 'Go on and prosper; God has seen fit to endow you with wonderful talents, continue to use them for the advancement of His glory.'—Rev. J. WEST.

"We have read your Poem with great pleasure and interest. It evinces great talent, and some parts are very beautiful. There is a boldness of poetic feeling in it which pleases us. Your other Poems are also very beautiful."—Rev. HEWETT LINTON.

"I am very much pleased with your Poems."—Rev. H. C. HEILBRONN.

"Your poetry shews much pathos and a fine imagination."—Rev. JAMES TANNER.

"There are some very fine passages in 'THE IMMORTAL,' it possesses great merit and much promise."—Rev. J. GILBY.

"Your poetry is very beautiful."—Rev. Mr. MOORE.

"I have derived much pleasure from the perusal of 'THE IMMORTAL.'"—Rev. Mr. RIGAUD.

"There is much that I like in your Poems; they are full of promise as to what you may do hereafter."—Rev. R. H. BAYNES, B. A.

"I like the specimens of your poetry; I think they shew power and thought, with suitability and elegance of illustration. I am glad also to observe a love of nature and a religious tone, which is not always regarded as it ought to be."—Rev. HENRY R. HOARE.

"The young poet has a large poetic imagination and some power. Some of the stanzas are much better than those achieved by BYRON at the same age."—*Home Thoughts*.

"Your book affords abundant evidence that you have both poetical feeling and fancy: many passages in the poem do you great credit, and altogether it reflects honour upon your taste and moral feeling."—CHARLES SWAIN.

"I have read your Poem, and admire the language excessively; it is indeed very beautiful."—EDWIN ARNOLD, (Author of 'Poems.')

"Your poems shew taste and feeling."—Sir F. H. DOYLE, Bart., (Author of 'Poems.')

"I have read your Poems with much pleasure, and think very highly of the spirit by which they are animated throughout. I think that they exhibit much more than a mere facility in verse-making, and that, as the productions of one still very young, they are marked with much promise. The lines entitled 'The Old Hall' especially, are very touching, tender, and beautiful."—J. STANYAN BIGG, (Author of 'Night and the Soul.')

"'The Old Hall' is full of quiet pathos, beauty and promise."—JAMES PRITCHETT BIGG.

"Your eloquent and fervid poem, 'THE IMMORTAL,' has afforded me much pleasure in perusing: the lines are exquisitely finished, and are as musical as pebbled rills. There are some good and truly noble thoughts scattered over many of its pages, and you are occasionally very happy and felicitous in expression. There is much that is beautiful in your effusions; you have undoubtedly powers of more than ordinary calibre, and I wish you every success."—QUALLOON, (S. H. BRADBURY,) (Author of 'Edenor and other Poems,' &c.)

"I have been excessively pleased with your Poems and Tales. There is the *true painting* and *life* about them, which stamp the Poet upon them by countenance. The 'Old Hall' is melodious, well-developed, picturesque, and finely coloured, with a vein of pathos running throughout it, which must find out the soul of a man, and touch the secret spring of his tears. Your 'Midnight Hour' has a solemn note ringing in every line, which proves the exquisite sensibility of your nature. Your similes are very true, well-formed, and exceedingly beautiful and harmonious."—EDWARD CAPERN, (Author of 'Poems.')

"I much like many of your pieces, many of the ideas are original as well as poetically expressed."—NICHOLS MICHELL, (Author of 'The Ruins of Many Lands,' &c.)

"I have derived much real pleasure from a perusal of the Poems you have kindly sent me. The lines are well finished and fall upon the ear in numbers

'Sweet as the gold-tongued bells of Aaron's robe.' Your poetry displays much real Christian feeling, and proves you to possess a fine imagination, and a heart that beats in sympathy with

whatsoever things are pure, holy, and of good report. I believe you to be one of those poets so eloquently described by *Longfellow*,

‘Whose songs gush from the heart
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start!’

Your *prose* compositions contain a deal more poetry than much that is published now-a-days bearing the title of ‘Poems.’ Feeling sure that your forthcoming Work will be hailed with delight by all who love the beautiful and true, I confidently predict that it will meet with the success it so well deserves.”—WILLIAM BYRNE, (Author of ‘Poems,’ ‘Stanzas for the Times,’ ‘The Death-Angel’s Visits,’ &c.)

“Your verses on ‘Flowers’ I like very much. What you write is full of such an amiable spirit, that it is plain your heart is a promising seed-plot for poetry.”—JOHN CHARLES ADDYES SCOTT, (Author of Poems.)

“I like your poems very much; there is much that is poetical, expressed in a musical flow of language.”—H. ROWLAND BROWN, (Author of Poems.)

“There are all the elements of Poetry in this young Poet.”—IOR-WERTH DDU O VON, (Author of ‘Poems.’ &c.)

“I have perused Mr. Gordon De Montgomery’s Poems with infinite pleasure. His language is flowing and musical, and describes the glories of creation with great vividness and truth. His poetry emanates from a devout mind, contemplating all that is lovely in Nature with adoring gratitude, and wishing to create in other minds that intense love of the Beautiful which he possesses. *Flowers* he paints with delicate accuracy; while reading his perfect delineation of their beauties, one can see every shining leaf, and every dewdrop glistens with the brightness of reality. In ‘THE ETERNAL,’ and poems of a similar character, the imagery is sublime, and, as far as mortal language can avail, carries the mind to regions of light and immortality. All rightly directed minds must be charmed with what emanates from his pen, and pronounce him a true Poet.”—E. R. BAILEY, (Author of ‘Lady Jane Grey, and other Poems.’)

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ON THE LECTURE ON "THE BEAUTIFUL."

"**ABINGDON Mechanics' Institute.**—The winter course of Lectures was commenced on Friday the 12th inst., when Percy Vernon Gordon De Montgomery, Esq. delivered a Lecture on 'The Beautiful.' The subject of the lecture was well sustained, and admirably calculated to raise the mind to the contemplation of the beauties with which the Divine Being has invested Himself, and the works and wonders of Creation. The sentiments were beautifully enunciated, and the language equally refined and beautiful; and to the Members of the Institute, and others present, it proved a pleasurable treat not often shared."—*Oxford Chronicle*, Oct. 25th.—*Reading Mercury*, Oct. 26th, 1855.

"We must confess that the talented lecturer treated his subject in a most pleasing and successful manner. His language was truly pure, and most eloquent and beautiful. The audience were apparently much delighted, and returned a vote of thanks to Mr. Gordon De Montgomery for the intellectual treat he had afforded them."—*Bucks and Oxon Advertiser*, Oct. 19th, 1855.

"**HIGHWORTH Literary and Scientific Institution.**—The opening Lecture for the season was given on the 25th September, by Percy Vernon Gordon De Montgomery Esq., Author of 'The Immortal,' &c. His very talented Lecture on 'The Beautiful' was listened to with great attention, and with evident admiration, by a very numerous audience. His ideas are chaste and holy, and he clothed them in language sublime and poetically beautiful. We feel satisfied that the Members of Institutes who love the Beautiful will be highly gratified if they engage him to lecture to them."—*Wiltshire Independent*, Oct. 4th, 1855.

"**NOTTING HILL Mechanics' Institute.**—On Monday the 3rd inst. a Lecture on 'The Beautiful' was delivered at the above Institute by P. V. Gordon De Montgomery, Esq. The worthy President, J. E. Gray, Esq., (brother of the Bishop of Cape Town,) occupied the chair. The highly talented Lecturer proved himself a thorough master of his lofty subject. It was truly a beautiful Lecture on 'The Beautiful.' His fertile imagination embraced almost every topic in which beauty is developed—at one time soaring into regions hitherto unpenetrated, and then touching upon things common to us all. His glowing eulogy upon the poetry and beauty of the Bible was one of the finest pieces of oratory, fit to be placed side by side with the noblest speeches of a Sheridan or a Burke. Every sentence flowed so smoothly, it makes us doubt the ruggedness of our mother-tongue. Grandeur and thought of the highest description, and a beautiful simplicity, were the chief characteristics of his admirable discourse. We can truly say that in the whole range of our experience (and we have heard the first lecturers of the day) we never listened to anything more calculated to raise the mind and ennoble the feelings. It was a lecture in the highest degree fitted for all classes and conditions, for it abounded with sentiments suited to the minds of all. There was not an expression, nay, a thought, at which the most fastidious could cavil, and how rarely can this be said even of our most popular lecturers. There was a grandeur in its simplicity, and a simplicity in its grandeur. The subjects upon which the Lecturer touched were as varied as his talents are versatile, for he has employed his pen upon every branch of literature, and excelled in all. It is a Lecture that must be heard to be appreciated; our feeble pen is utterly incompetent to do justice to its merits, but we feel it a duty as well as a pleasure to say this much in its favour, confident that none can gainsay us, unless the modesty of the Lecturer should induce him to do so. The Chairman, in proposing a vote of thanks, spoke in eloquent and highly eulogistic terms of the Lecture, and expressed a hope that they should have the pleasure of listening to another Lecture by Mr. Gordon De Montgomery. The large and respectable audi-

ence were deeply attentive, and frequently expressed their admiration by bursts of applause. We fervently hope every Institute in existence will in time enjoy the high privilege of being favoured with this Lecture."—*Kensington Gazette, Dec. 5th, 1855.*

Extract from the Speech of the Chairman, on returning a vote of thanks to GORDON DR MONTGOMERY for his Lecture on 'THE BEAUTIFUL,' delivered at the 'NORTH WEST LONDON CHRISTIAN LITERARY INSTITUTE,' 13th February, and 8th May, 1855.

"Never have I listened with half so much pleasure and admiration to any lecture delivered here as I have this evening. It is needless for me to ask if you have been pleased with it, for by your applause have you testified your delight. The Lecturer's richly poetical language must have thrilled your hearts, for he has given utterance to some of the most beautiful passages to which I ever had the pleasure of listening. His Lecture is full of feeling, thought, beauty, and instruction; and he has admirably blended them together. The ideas are extremely beautiful, and the similes unsurpassable. Most warmly do I thank our highly talented friend for his very beautiful Lecture, for in language quite worthy of the theme has he depicted to us the beauties displayed in the works of our Creator and in the writings of the master-minds of earth; he has unveiled the poetry and beauty of the Bible, he has wafted us in imagination to the sunny fields, and spoken of the lovely flowers, the waving trees, the silvery streams, and the mighty ocean. Scarcely a subject has he left untouched, and he has beautified everything of which he has so eloquently discoursed. His Lecture comes like a garden in a desert, and never have I felt a greater desire to behold the glorious panorama of nature than at the present time; for he has implanted within me a deeper love for the Beautiful. I understand Mr. Gordon De Montgomery has written some works, and if they are at all like his Lecture I am sure you will be delighted to peruse them."

Extract from a Letter by the Secretary of the 'KINGSLAND, DALSTON, and DE BEAUVOIR TOWN LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, to GORDON DE MONTGOMERY, respecting his Lecture on 'THE BEAUTIFUL,' delivered there on the 14th March, and 13th Dec., 1855.

"I congratulate you most sincerely on the success your Lecture has met with; there can be no doubt of its intrinsic merit, and most cordially do I join in the applause its beautiful language and fine ideas must draw from the delighted hearers."

Extract from the Speech of the Chairman, the Rev. R. T. Branson, at GORDON DR MONTGOMERY'S Lecture on 'THE BEAUTIFUL,' at the BUSHY YOUNG MEN'S INSTITUTE, July 1st, 1856.

"I feel much pleasure in rising to propose a vote of thanks to the Lecturer for his highly entertaining and instructive lecture. I am sure all of you have been highly gratified with it. For myself, I can say that I have derived the greatest pleasure in listening to his eloquent and admirable discourse. Our best thanks are due to Mr. Gordon De Montgomery for his kindness in favouring us with his presence; and I hope we may soon have the pleasure of hearing him again."

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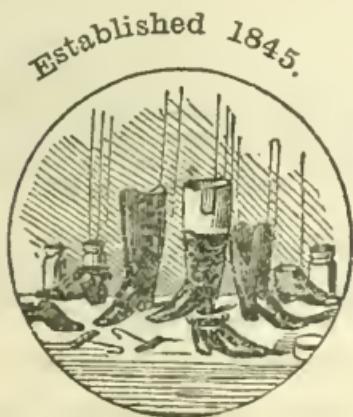
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